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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FUN

for every Day in the Year,

or

FOOD FOR ALL PALATES,

a Choice Collection

of the

BEST JESTS

and

Williams.

Bury St. Edmunds.
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THE NOSE GAY.

A Simile for the Reviewers.

We publish the following Lines, not as they lately appeared in a Monthly Magazine, but from a corrected copy o the author.

Ye overseers and reviewers
Of all the Muses' sinks and sewers,
Who dwell on high,
Enthroned among your peers,
The garretteers,
That border on the sky;
Who hear the music of the spheres:
You have such ears,
And live so high;
I thank you for your criticism,
Which you have usher'd in
With a delightful witticism,
That tastes like rotten fruit preserved in gin;

And therefore marvel not that my poor ballads,
Which are no more than sallads,
By no means suit,
Like your fruit,
With your palates.
I do admire your dealings,
To speak according to your feelings;
And do believe, if you had withal,
You wou'd drop honey;
And that you overflow with gall,
Because you do not overflow with money.

Hence all your spite
Against a poor connundrumite,
Whose only business is to watch
Where the connundrums lie,
And be upon the catch
As they go by;
To make a simile, in a feature
Resembling the creature

That he has in his eye;
Just as a fisher shoots an owl,
Or a sea-fowl,
To make the likeness of a fly;
Just as you look into the fire
For my likeness you desire.
Simile-making
Is an undertaking,
In which the undertaker
Resembles a marriage contract-maker—
A poor industrious man,
Who means no ill,
But does the best he can
With a quill;—
In short, he does according to his skill:
If matters can be brought to bear
So as to tie the knot,
He does not care
Whether they are a happy pair or not.

And as I said at first,
Nothing could make you all so keen
And crust,
But that which makes you all so lean—
Hunger and thirst.

So now and then a judge
Consigns a wretch
To Master Ketch,
Having no grudge;
No reason clear can be assigned,
Only, like you, he has not dined.

So far from wishing your allowance shorter,
I wish, for all your sakes,
That you may never want beef-stakes
And porter;
And to make you frisky,
A dram of whisky.
And so I leave you with a fable,
Design'd, without a sneer,
To exhilarate your table,
And give a relish to your beer.
I beg my compliments to all your ladies,
The reviewer esses.

Hark!
And, if you please, take warning,
My fable is concerning
A cuckoo and a lark.
If I said a nightingale,
You would have cried,
(You could not fail,)
That it was pride,
And nought beside,
Which made me think of such a tale.
Upon a tree as they were sitting,
They fell into a warm dispute,
Warmer than was fitting,
Which of them was the better flute.
After much prating,
And debating,
Not worth relating,
Things came to such a pass,
They both agree
To take an ass
For referee:
The ass was studying botany and grass
Under the tree.
And what do you think was the decree?—
'Why,' says the ass, 'the question is not hard,'
And so he made an excellent award,
As you shall see.
'The lark,' says he,
'Has got a wild fantastic pipe,
But no more music than a snipe;
It gives one pain,
And turns one's brain,
One can't keep time to such a strain;
Whereas, the cuckoo's note
Is measured and composed with thought;
His method is distinct and clear,
And dwells,
Like bells
Upon the ear,
Which is the sweetest music one can hear.
I can distinguish, I'll lay a wager,
His manner and expression
From every forester and cager
Of the profession."

Thus ended the dispute;
The cuckoo was quite mute
With admiration;
The lark stood laughing at the brute,
Affecting so much penetration.

The ass was so intoxicated,
And shallow-pated,
That ever since,
He has got a fancy in his skull,
That he's a commission from his prince,
Dated when the moon's at full,
To summon every soul,
Every ass and ass's foal,
To try the quick and dull;
Trumpeting through the fields and streets,
Stopping and jading all he meets;
Pronouncing with an air
Of one pronouncing from the chair,
Here is a beauty! this is new!
And that's a blemish,
For which I have no relish!—
Just like the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

RETALIATION.

About fifty years ago, when the Americans did not know the Europeans, a traveller or hunter penetrated into their country, made them acquainted with fire-arms and sold them muskets and gunpowder: they went a hunting, and got great plenty of game, and of course many furs. Another traveller went thither some time after, with ammunition, but the Indians being still provided, they did not care to barter with the Frenchman, who intended a very odd trick, in order to sell his powder, without much troubling his head with the consequence that might result from his imposture to his countrymen. He thought he had done a great action in deceiving these poor people. As the Indians are naturally curious, they were desirous of knowing how powder, which they call grain, was made in France; the traveller made them believe, that it was sown in *savannahs*, and that they had crops of it as of indigo or millet in America. The Missouris were pleased with this discovery, and sowed all the gun-powder they had left,

which obliged them to buy that of the Frenchman, who got a considerable quantity of beaver skins, offer skins, &c. for it, and afterwards went down the river to the Illonois where M. de Fonti commanded.

The Missouris went from time to time to the Savannah, to see if the powder was growing: they had placed a guard there to hinder the wild beasts from spoiling the field; but they soon found out the Frenchman's trick: it must be observed, that the Indians can be deceived but once, and they always remember it. Accordingly, they were resolved to be revenged upon the first Frenchman that should come to them. Soon after, the hopes of profit excited the traveller to send his partner to the Missouris, with goods proper for their commerce; they soon found out that this Frenchman was associated with the man who had imposed upon them; however, they dissembled the trick which his predecessor had passed. They gave him the public hut, which was in the middle of the village, to deposit his bales in; and when they were all laid out to view, the Missouris came in confusedly, and all those who had been foolish enough to sow gunpowder, took away some goods: so the poor Frenchman was rid of all his bales at once, but without any equivalent from the Indians. He complained much of these proceedings, and laid his grievances before the great chief, who answered him very gravely, that he should have justice done him, but for that purpose he must wait for the *gunpowder harvest*, his subjects having sown that commodity by the advice of his countryman; that he might believe upon the word of a sovereign, that after that harvest was over, he would order a general hunt; and that all the skins of wild beasts that could be taken, should be given him in return for the important secret which the other Frenchman had taught them. Our traveller alledged that the ground of the Missouris was not fit for producing gunpowder, and that his subjects had not taken notice, that France was the only country where it succeeded. All his reasoning was useless; he returned home much lighter than he went, and ashamed of being corrected by savage men.

ANECDOTE OF MOREAU.

Moreau no doubt gave great offence to the revengeful Corsican, when, speaking of the Tree of Liberty, he said

there was nothing left of it but *l'ecorce*, the bark. (*Le Corse*, the Corsican.)

ON A TOMB-STONE IN RAINE CHURCH-YARD, ESSEX.

This I have done for an indulgent Husband who was near and dear to me, and what I have done is *nothing to you*, nor *what I do*.

THE GROUNDLESS REPORT.

A gentleman meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on lately coming to the possession of a large *landed* estete. 'There was such a report,' replied the other, 'but I assure you that it was quite *groundless*.

JOHN AND JOAN.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folks in humble plight:
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup,
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see angel there
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he played;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a devil pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd:
And ever when she seiz'd her ale;
She clear'd it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrify'd,
His hair rose on his pate;
And "'why dost guzzle now,' he cried,
'At this enormous rate?'

'Oh, John,' said she, 'am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop:
For sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the devil a drop.'

EXTRAORDINARY SQUADRON.

An extraordinary squadron has recently made its appearance within the four seas. We have received official accounts of all its movements, but their great length does not permit us to give them, except in detail from day to day, as follows:

Arrived in Treasury Harbour, a squadron of 10 sail of small craft, consisting of brigs, luggers, smacks, and row-boats, of various sizes, as follows:

The *Portland*, an hospital ship, formerly a large Dutch skipper, very old, and crazy in her timbers.

The *Castlereagh*, a long fishing-smack, with a false sliding keel, and a bow-sprit upon a new construction. She was remarkable, during several seasons, for her success in catching *plaices*, *flats* and *gudgeons*.

The *Hawkesbury*, a light vessel, of the same class and description of the *Castlereagh*; used for some time past as a guardship, off Walmer Castle.

The *Anti-Jacobin*, a neat row-boat, formerly used as a launch to the *Pitt* man of war, and occasionally a pleasure boat.

The *Chancellor*, a small vessel, not much larger than a cock-boat, formerly a *Guineaman*, employed in the slave trade; laden with a cargo of vinegar and combustibles; consigned to ——, by a set of merchants, at Northampton.

The *Camden*, a heavy dull sailer, formerly on the Irish station.

The *Westmoreland*, a light bomb-ketch, formerly on the same station.

The *Mulgrave*, a state navy barge, recently fitted up for offensive operations, with a long gun in her bow.

The *Chatham*, a shewy vessel, but without tackle or rigging, and almost water-lugged.

The *Woolsack*, a large lumber vessel, having a great number of cases on board, with the contents of which we do not profess to be acquainted.

Several of this squadron cruised in concert a few years ago, as attached to a large and powerful fleet, but were dispersed in a tremendous storm, in which the Pitt man of war ran a-ground, and was wrecked upon the Catholic shoals. Some of them, on that occasion, shared the same fate as the Pitt, but were afterwards got off, and laid up in ordinary. The *Woolsack* and the *Hawkesbury* were taken in tow by the *Sidmouth*. It appears, that they have been recently collected in Portland Race, from whence they have been conducted into the Treasury Roads. Their passage to this haven, where they idly fancy no storms can fret them, was most miraculous. A light breeze sprung up from the Isle of Vanity, which threw them upon the Shoals of Impotence, Imbecility, and Ignorance, where, summoning courage from despair, the crews made a last effort to keep their heads above water, and fastened upon the rocks of Bigotry, Religious Strife, and Persecution. These places had been laid down in the charts of all experienced political Mariners, as the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of modern times; as deceitful quicksands, pregnant with destruction; but to float a few minutes upon the surface, was every thing to a few desperate land lubbers, who, committed to a troubled ocean, and without rudder, chart, or compass, felt it a great object to gain even a momentary respite from total ruin and shipwreck. They, accordingly, availed themselves of the assistance of the *Melville Castle*, formerly a king's ship, but lately engaged in some piratical expeditions, and shrewdly suspected of being a smuggler. The *Melville Castle* was originally a first rate man of war, serving on the India station, and afterwards employed in the unfortunate expedition to the Helder. She some time ago fell in, under false colours, with the *Whitbread* privateer, which, mistaking her for an enemy, dropped into her wake, broke up, and beat in her stern completely. The *Whitbread* continued to pour in her double-headed grape

and cannister-shot, and did not cease firing, until the *Pitt* man of war, shooting between them, made signal to assure the *Whitbread* that it was a waste of ammunition to fire any longer, and that the *Melville Castle*, thus battered and torn, must go to the bottom. The *Whitbread*, upon this assurance, ceased firing, and made sail after some other smugglers. This afforded the *Melville Castle* an opportunity to get up a jury-mast, and having a few Scotch plaids and ladies' petticoats aboard, the crew contrived to make a sort of sail of them, and a light breeze springing up in her favour, she effected her escape to the Orkneys. Having there, in the course of last summer, undergone an entire repair, both in stern and bottom, with a new copper-sheeting, she sailed about autumn for the Downs; and having a thorough knowledge of the inlets and outlets, the shoals and quicksands, the windings and turnings, the monsoons and trade-winds, the ebbings and flowings of the tide, the bearings and distances, the hurricanes and storms, in the perilous navigation between the Queen's Palace and the Treasury Downs; the *Melville Castle*, after she had collected this little squadron in Portland-Race, proposed to convoy them in their voyage, and the squadron gladly placed themselves under her protection.

TWO OF A TRADE.

When Sir Elijah Impey, the India judge, was on his passage home, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. 'Why,' replied the tar, 'I don't know what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them *sea-lawyers*.'

AN ANTAGONIST FOR BONAPARTE.

An honest Yorkshireman amusing himself in poaching, had his gun taken from him by a justice of the peace. Soon after, he was unfortunate enough to be informed against for sedition, in saying he wished Bonaparte would land in Yorkshire. Being brought before the bench of magistrates,

of which the aforesaid justice was chairman, he acknowledged the words; 'but,' said he, 'my reason for saying so was, that I thought your worship would *take his gun from him.*'

DRUNKENNESS.

The following is an extract from an old and scarce book, entitled *Microcosmographia; or, a piece of the world discovered;* in essays and characters. The ninth edition, London, 1659. These characters are written in a style that would not have disgraced Theophrastus, or La Bruycre.

"A drunkard is one that will be a man to-morrow morning; but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend the better. One that hath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No one but finds him disarmed and defenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he laid as fair for it as he could. Every man sees him as Cham saw his, father the first of this sin, an uncovered man, and though his garments be on, uncovered, the secretest parts of his soul lying in the nakedest manner visible! all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humours which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are beclogged and cannot pause; all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with his eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he hath of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much; for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath and breathing-while. He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindness, is but trying a mastery, who shall sink down first; and men come from him as a battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit and business, and makes him more wretchlessly careless what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is such melancholy, that it sends him to be drunk again.—*Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a—Devil.*"

A COMMANDMENT KEPT.

A young officer, not over-fond of fighting, waited on the commander on the eve of a battle, to request leave of absence to visit his father and mother, both of whom were extremely ill. 'Yes,' said the general, 'honour your father and your mother, *that your days may be long.*'

JOHN BUNYAN AND THE MINCE-PIE.

When John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was in Shrewsbury gaol for preaching and praying, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence of any thing that sounded as popish, and wished to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to the poor preacher, and desired his acceptance of a large mince-pie. John, seizing the pastry, desired the fellow to thank his master, and 'tell him,' added the old tinker, 'I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between *Christmas* and *pie.*'

ROYAL REGULATION.

When George the Second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he in great wrath sent for the old Duke of Newcastle, his prime minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. 'They shall be sent to your Majesty to-morrow;' replied the Duke. When the king rose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle; to whom he sent to know what it meant. 'They are the papers for examination,' said the Duke: 'twelve more waggon-loads for your Majesty's inspection will be sent in the course of the day.' 'For my inspection!' replied the enraged monarch: 'for my inspection! The devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to Jerusalem.'

A PALPABLE HIT.

One evening Tom Sheridan sitting with his father over a bottle, was complaining of the emptiness of his pocket. The right honourable manager told him jocularly to go on the highway. 'I have tried that already,' said he, 'but without success.' 'Aye! how?' replied his father. 'Why,' resumed he, 'I stopt a caravan full of passengers, who assured me they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to *Drury-lane theatre*, and could not get *a penny of their salary.*'

PRUDENT ADVICE.

Among the tombs in Westminster abbey is one to the memory of a nabob who is said to have acquired a large fortune in the East by dishonourable means. His ambition and his money conducted him into this repository of deceased nobility, and erected a first-rate monument over him. This monument describes the resurrection. The earth and the skies are falling to pieces, while the angel above is sounding the last trumpet. The defunct is represented as rising from the grave, with astonishment in his face, and opening a curtain to see what is the matter. Some wag wrote under the figure:

Lie still if you're wise;
You'll be damn'd if you rise.

STAUNCH PIETY.

General Kirk, who had served many years at Tangier, after his return to England, was pressed by James the Second to become a proselyte to the Romish religion, as the most acceptable means of recommending himself to favour. As soon as the king had done speaking, Kirk expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his Majesty's desire, because he was really pre-engaged. The king smiled, and asked him what he meant? 'Why, truly,' answered Kirk, 'when I was abroad, I promised the Emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion I would turn Mahometan; and I never did break my word in my life, and must beg leave to say I never will.'

A SEA-HORSE.

The Captain of a West Indiaman wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, 'Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are. 'What do you mean to do with him?' said the other. 'Why, to take him to sea,' answered the captain. 'Then I will be candid,' replied the dealer: 'he may go very well at sea; but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him.'

IMPROVED SHAVING.

A gentleman coming into a barber's shop to be shaved, was tormented by the fellow's finical manners and insignificant garrulity. 'In what manner would your honour be shaved?' exclaimed the tonsor. 'If possible,' replied the gentleman, 'in silence.'

A HINT.

Henry the Fourth of France was much enamoured of a lady who used to attend the court. The prince one day, in a gallant humour, said to the lady, "Pray, Madam, which is the way to your bed-room?' 'Through the church,' replied she.

A PARSON'S DREAD.

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger. 'O yes,' replied the sailor; 'if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock at night.' The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, '*The Lord forbid.*

A POWERFUL PREACHER.

While an eastern priest was preaching in a mosque, one of the hearers seemed greatly affected. Proud of this circumstance, the preacher asked the man how his discourse had affected him so much. 'O sir,' said he, 'it is not that; but your long beard put me so much in mind of a favourite goat I lost that I could not help crying."

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

A stranger passing St. Paul's church, asked a tar whom he met, what those figures were at the west front; to which the sailor answered, 'The twelve apostles.' 'How can that be,' replied the other, 'when there are but six of them?' 'Why,' says the tar, 'would you have them all on deck at once?'

THE INGENUOUS LAWYER.

Counsellor Y—— was one day asked by a judge why he, as a man of talents and integrity, was always employed in knavish causes. 'Why, my lord,' said the counsellor, 'I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I think I had better undertake *bad* ones.'

HAMLET QUOTED.

A musician, celebrated for his devotion to the rosy god, having sacrificed too freely, found himself at a loss in the orchestra of one of the theatres, to produce harmony. The leader of the band, rather displeased, demanded what was the matter with his violin. The votary of Bacchus, after a short pause, answered, 'Why, my fiddle is acting Hamlet. It says,

Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.'

NAVAL PUN.

A gentleman entering the room of some friends with a gloomy face, after having dined with an admiral who was not famous for his hospitality, was rallied on his appearance, and asked if he had dined to his satisfaction. 'No,' replied the disappointed guest, growlingly, 'the admiral may be a very good sea-lord, but he is a very bad landlord.

FELLOW FEELING.

A lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her compassion: 'Poor little creature! I hope it will not make him sick.'

PRAYERS ANSWERED.

Sir Thomas More for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; at last they had a boy, who, when he grew up, proved but simple. 'Thou pray'dst so long for a boy,' said Sir Thomas to his wife, 'that at last thou hast got one who will be a *boy* as long as he lives.'

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A writer in one of the reviews, was boasting, that he was in the habit of *distributing* literary *reputation*. 'Yes,' replied his friend, 'and you have done it so profusely that you have *left none for yourself*.'

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young author was reading a tragedy to Monsieur Piron, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet, perceiving Piron very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. 'I cannot pass a very old acquaintance,' replied the critic, 'without that civility.'

CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

A wretched artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. 'I am white-washing it,' said he, 'and in a short time I shall begin painting.' 'I think you had better,' replied one of his audience, 'paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it.'

NEGATIVE SUCCESS OF A PLAY.

A person who was present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, and its ill success in acting, attempted a defence of it by saying, 'It was not hissed.' 'True,' says another, 'I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time"

TRIVIAL WAGER.

'I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong,' exclaimed a warm and dull orator, to the president Montesquieu in an argument. 'I accept it,' replied the philosopher; 'any *trifle* among friends has a value.'

JUDICIAL ETIQUETTE.

A country fellow being examined as a witness in a trial on an action for defamation, the judge bade him repeat the very words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loth to speak, and hemm'd and haw'd for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. 'My Lord,' said he, '*you are a cuckold.*' The judge, seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him address *himself to the jury.*'

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Boileau had a brother, an abbé, but very idle, little attached to study, and very talkative. A person asked the poet how his brother employed his time. 'In the morning,' says the satirist, 'my brother says *mass*; in the afternoon, he *does not know what* he says.'

SUMMER FRIENDS.

Guloso, when I gave a treat,
Was sure my other friends to meet,
Acknowledg'd that I was the most
Amusing man and gen'rous host;
But since, for many a weighty reason,
I scarcely treat but once a season,
Guloso's friendship somehow sleeps,
Whilst he due distance ever keeps.
Tully no more I think a hummer,
Who calls such friends mere birds of summer;
By which the orator intends
To note them as mere *swallow* friends.

ADVANTAGE OF TIME.

A merry but poor man being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, 'It will be *long enough* before I have done with it.'

ANTICIPATION.

A nabob in a severe fit of the gout told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, 'What, *already ?*'

RANK.

A French nobleman having a dispute with a simple officer, addressed him in the following imperious style. 'Remember, Sir, who *you* are, and who *I* am.' The officer, who knew that the marquis had attained rank and fortune by means of the king's having been partial to his wife, immediately replied, 'If you go by that, my lord, we are both of us what *his majesty* has been pleased to *make us*; *I* an officer, and *your lordship a cuckold.*'

THE HARMLESS THREAT.

An obscure physician quarrelling with a neighbour, swore in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. 'No, doctor,' replied the other, 'for I shall never send for you.'

OVER CAUTIOUSNESS.

An ignorant young spendthrift wishing to borrow some money as privately as possible, was startled at reading the beginning of the bond, '*Know all men* by these presents;' and declared his unwillingness to sign it, as it must certainly *come to his father's ears.*'

PUN NOMINAL.

Mr. Andrew Cherry, the performer, was written to, a few years ago, with an offer for a very capital engagement from a manager, who, on a former occasion, had not behaved altogether well to him. Cherry sent him word, that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry.*

LEISURELY PROCEEDINGS.

A Scotch physician walking in a gentleman's garden, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. 'Why, sir,' says the other, 'please to consider, *they have nothing else to do.*'

CLOCKS AND WOMEN.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting, at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, 'A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.'

A FLOURISHING TRADE.

A gentleman being asked what business he intended to bring up his son to, answered, 'If I thought the rage for *gigs, whiskies, tandems,* &c. would continue, I should bring him up to the profession of a *surgeon.*'

MATRIMONIAL CONCORD.

(By Ben Johnson.)

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that *his Joan doth too.* And Giles would never
By his free will be in Joan's company:
No more would Joan he should. Giles rises early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan. But turning home is sad:
And so is Joan. Oft-times, when Giles doth see
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind:
All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite outspun. *The like wish hath his wife.*
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and *so swears his Joan.*
In all affections she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can *agree.*

AN EPIGRAM, AND A RECEIPT.

" King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
" Free-mason, economist, bard, politician,—
" How had Europe rejoic'd if a *Christian* he'd been!
" If a *man*, how he then had enraptur'd his queen!"

The above was many years ago handed about Berlin, and shewn to the King, who, with the spirit of Lord Mansfield, deemed it a libel, because it was true; but instead of filing an information, and using the tedious methods practised in this country, he took a summary way of punishing the author, who he knew from internal evidence must be Voltaire, at that time resident in Berlin.

He sent his serjeant at arms (one of the tall regiment,) not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the reformation of such foot-soldiers as commit any offence against the law military.

The Prussian soldier went to the poet, and told him he came, by his majesty's special command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain; and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door, and made the farewel bow to his unwelcome visitor; who did not offer to depart, but told him, with the most Germanic gravity, that the ceremony was not yet concluded: for that the monarch he had the honour of serving must be convinced that his commission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt. This was also submitted to, and given in manner and form following:

" Received from the right hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an epigram on Frederic the Third, King of Prussia; I say, received by me, VOLTAIRE. *Vive le Roi.*"

PATENT TUMBLING.

When James the First went to Salisbury, one of the active adventurers of those days climbed up the outside of

the spire of the cathedral, and at the top made three summersets in honour of his majesty; who being applied to for a reward, gave him a patent, whereby every other of his subjects, except the aforesaid man, and his heirs male, was prohibited from climbing steeples for ever.

A COMPLIMENT.

When the great Duke of Marlborough visited the Duke of Montague at Boughton, he, in high terms, commended the excellency of his water-works; to which the latter replied, "But they are by no means comparable to your grace's *fire-works.*"

EULOGY ON PUNNING.

A gentleman observed one day to Mr. Henry Erskine, who is a great punster, that punning is the *lowest* sort of wit. "It is so," answered he, "and therefore the *foundation* of all wit."

A SIMILE.

There are two members of the House of Commons, named Montagu Matthew, and Matthew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man, and the latter a little man. The Speaker once having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Matthew observed it was strange he should make such a mistake, as though their names might be confounded by a transposition, there was as great difference between them, as between a *horse-chesnut* and a *chesnut horse.*

A COMMISSION.

A felon, who was just on the point of being turned off, asked the hangman if he had any message to send to the place where he was going. "I will trouble you with a *line,*" replied the finisher of the law, placing the cord under his left ear.

LOGIC.

An Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Arriv'd, and pass'd the usual How-d'ye-do's,
Enquiries of old friends, and college news,
"Well, Tom; the road: what saw you worth discerning?
Or how goes study? What is it you're learning?"
"Oh! logic, sir; but not the shallow rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools;
'Tis wit's and wrangler's logic: thus, d'ye see,
I'll prove at once, as plain as A B C,
That an *eel pie's* a *pigeon*. To deny it,
Would be to swear black's not black. Come let's try it,"—
"An *eel* pie is a pie of *fish*."—"Agreed."—
"*Fish*-pie-may be a *jack*-pie."—"Well, proceed."
"A *jack*-pie is a *John*-pie; and 'tis done,
"For every *John-pie* must be a *Pie-John*." (Pi-geon.)
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother's, and she was clever.
But hold, my boy, since now it would be hard
That wit and learning should have no reward,
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And there I'll give thee---" "What?"—My *chesnut horse*.'
"A horse!" quoth Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!
Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
To bed he went; and slept for downright sorrow,
That night must go before he'd see the morrow:
Dream't of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches;
Hunting of cats, and leaping rails and ditches.
He left his rest an hour before the lark;
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting, to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd, at loss
To spy out something like a chesnut horse.
But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stop't;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
A fine horse chesnut, in its prickly shell.

" There, Tom, take that."—" Well, sir, and what beside?"
" Why, since you're booted, *saddle it and ride.*"—
" Ride what? a chesnut?"—" Aye, come, get across; —
I tell you, Tom, that *chesnut* is *a horse,*
And all the horse you'll get; for I can shew
As clear as sun-shine, that 'tis really so:
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools;
Or old Malebranche, blind pilot into knowledge;
But by the laws of wit, and Eton college.
All axioms but the wranglers' I'll disown;
And stick to one sound argument, *your own:*
Thus now, you've prov'd it, as I don't deny,
That a *Pie-John's* the same as a *John-Pie;*
What follows then?—why as a thing of course,
That a *horse chesnut* is a *chesnut horse.*"

POWERFUL PREACHER.

A certain reverend drone in the country preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. " Truly," said a gentleman present, " this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

PROFFESSIONAL PRACTICE.

When Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, Frederic II. asked him one day in conversation, if he could ascertain how many he had killed in the course of his practice. " That is an arduous task," replied the doctor, " but I think I may venture to say, not half so many as your majesty."

THE PLEA.

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady (to whom he had once paid his addresses) murmured at the charges. " Madam," replied the limb of the law, " I had a mind to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

A FAIR DISTINCTION.

A gentleman asking Doctor Johnson why he hated the Scotch, was answered, 'I don't hate them, sir, neither do I hate frogs, but I don't like to have them hopping about my chamber.'

EPIGRAM.

Treason does never prosper—What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade-night, he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. 'Go *sober!*' said Foote.

A NON-FREEMAN.

A person who resides in Pall-mall, happening to spend an evening in the city, was asked in his turn over the bottle for a song which he declined, alledging that any attempt of his would give no entertaiment. 'I have heard him sing,' says a gentleman, 'and he has an excellent voice.'—'Whatever be in that,' resumed the other, 'as I am not a freeman, I have no *voice* in the city."

PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

A man who was following his wife's hearse, and was somewhat corpulent, called out to the coachman, 'Drive a little slower, John; you need not be in such a hurry. Why should we make a toil of a *pleasure.*'

FINE HAIR.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
Is her's—Who could have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's; and true she swears,
For I know *where she bought it.*

COMPLIMENT TO A JUDGE.

An attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally *lawyer*. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer. "I did," was the reply. "Pray," says the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?"---"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow. "Why, good man," said the judge, "there is no dishonour in the name, is there?"---"I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a *lawyer*, I'd knock him down."---"Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and that, and I too am a lawyer. "No, no," replied the fellow, "no, my Lord, you are a judge, I know; but I'm sure you are *no lawyer*."

A CASUISTICAL DIVISION.

Three gentlemen being to sup at a tavern, one of them wished for partridges; a brace was brought, and he who had ordered them was requested to divide them, which he accordingly did, by taking one to his own plate, and leaving the other for his friends. "Stop," cried one of them, "this is an unequal division. "Not so." replied he, "there is one for *you two*, and one for *me too*."

A SIMILE ILLUSTRATED.

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham, called her a rose. "I am no judge of flowers," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

A CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. "Jack," says one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?"---"Why?" replied the other, "because if you are not, I will borrow half-a-crown of you."---"Is that all? Then I am."

BATH FESTIVITIES.

Two musical parties to Bladud belong,
To delight the old rooms and the upper:
One gives to the ladies a supper, no song;
The other, a song and no supper.

PENANCE.

When old Parr was brought from Shropshire by Lord Arundel, and introduced to Charles the First, both King and Queen were, from the untoward situation of their affairs, in a very serious frame of mind; and the Queen, looking at him with great earnestness, asked him what he had done more in his long life, than men who had not lived half his time. "May it please your majesty," replied he, "I did penance for a bastard child in Abberbury church, when I was above a hundred years old."

PLEASANT READING.

A German lady, whose education had been neglected, obtained a place at the court of Brunswick. Here she found the inconvenience of her ignorance, and resolved to study. She mentioned this resolution to the dutchess, and begged her highness to lend her a book to begin. The dutchess applauded the design; and sent her a dictionary, as one of the most useful books. Some days after, her highness enquired how she liked it. "Infinitely," answered the fair student; "it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood; and the letters charmingly arranged, *like soldiers on the parade:* whereas in some books that I have seen, they are huddled together like a mob, so that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean."

Of a similar character was a man who, on making the same request to a friend, was accommodated with Euclid's

Elements: which he returned with observing, that it was a *pretty book*, and seemed *true enough*; but that he had *skipped* the *A's and B's*, and *crooked lines*.

THE PLEASURES OF BATH.

To drink without thirst, and to ask your physician
A thousand odd questions to mend your condition;
To raise up your spirits against wind and tide,
With a hundred sick people just close to your side;
To sit down to dinner with persons who grumble
At ev'ry new dish, which they hardly can mumble;
And, when this delightful repast is gone by,
For something to do next you yawn and you sigh.
'Tis too hot to walk out, and you doze in your seat
Till the cool of the evening succeeds to the heat;
A nap then comes on, and you lose then the pow'r
To enjoy the delight of the cool balmy hour.
For joy, on the next day your fancy you cast:
When it comes, you mis-spend it as bad as the last.

MATRIMONIAL CONCORD.

'I wonder,' says a woman of humour, 'why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point: he wishes to be master, and so do I."

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS.

The following lines were written on seeing a farrago of rhymes that had been scribbled with a diamond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
And to such arrant nonsense sign your names,
The diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
So shall your shame but short duration make;
For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dishclout wet;
Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
Who 'twas that *wrote so ill—and lov'd so well.*

A RECIPE.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky. "Madam," replied he, 'I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let them all have their own way.'

COMMUTATION OF TAXES.

A gentleman speaking of Lord Henry Petty's proposed tax on iron, observed, that as it had raised so many objections, it would be better to lay it on coals. 'No,' said his friend, 'that would be out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*.'

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Baron, the French actor, was a great favourite of the ladies. A woman of high rank used to receive the visits of Baron very privately. One day Baron uninvited came into her drawing-room, full of company of the highest fashion and rank. 'Baron,' said the lady, haughtily and angrily, 'what do you come for?'—'For my night-cap, madam,' replied the indignant actor in a loud voice.

TO A LADY, WITH A BLOOD-SHOT EYE.

Oh! be not afraid, though your eye is all red,
While your cheeks, my dear Sal are so ruddy;
For so many die by the stroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody.

INDIAN DREAMING.

It is a custom among the Canadian Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him any service, the person dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfil the dream if possible. A chief one morning came to the governor, Sir William Johnstone, and told him that he had last

night dreamed that Sir William had made him a present of the suit of regimentals he wore. The governor readily presented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, 'Stop,' said Sir William, 'I had almost forgot, but I dreamed about you last night; I dreamed that you gave me such a tract of land;" describing a large tract. 'You shall have it,' said he, 'but if you please, Sir William, we will *not dream any more*.'

A CONJUGAL CAUTION.

Sir George Etherege, having run up a score at Lockit's, absented himself from the ordinary. In consequence of this Mrs. Lockit was sent to dun him, and threaten him with an action. He told the messenger that he would certainly *kiss her* if she stirred a step in it. On this message being brought, she called for her hood and cloak, and told her husband, who interposed, that she would see if there was any fellow alive that had the impudence. 'Pr'ythee, my dear, don't be so rash,' replied the good man, 'you don't know what a man may do in a passion.'

NO HARM DONE.

Horace Walpole being informed of a serious quarrel between two of his female relations, asked the person whether either of them had called the other ugly. On receiving an answer in the negative, he replied; 'Oh, then I shall soon make up the matter.'

A SUBJECT OF SURPRISE.

Mr. (now Lord) Erskine, being counsel for the plaintiff in an action for the infringement of a patent for buckles, expatiated with his usual eloquence on the improvement made on this manufacture. 'What,' said he, taking out his own buckle and exhibiting it to the court, 'what would my ancestors say, were they to rise out of their graves, and see me with such an ornament as this?'—'They would be surprised, I dare say,

observed Mr. Mingay, 'to see you with either *shoe* or *stocking*."

MIDSHIPMAN'S HALF PAY.

An officer in the navy being asked what Mr. Burke meant by 'the cheap defence of nations,' replied that many persons in his line understood him to mean midshipman's half-pay, *nothing a-day and to find yourself.*'

AN EMPEROR'S DREAM.

The emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chace, and wandered in the forest far from his train; after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamt that he took his hat; and accordingly took it off. The second, saying he had dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth with much politeness, said, he hoped there would be no objection to his feeling his pockets; and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting-horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said. 'Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you.' So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and, entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. 'Here are four fellows,' said the emperor, 'who have dreamt what they please; I must also dream in my turn.' Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, 'I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged; and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

ALL IN ONE STORY.

One day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss which she repaid;
And gave him smack for smack.
Pert with such freedoms, 'Pray (said she)
Who kisses with the greatest glee?
Is it my lady; is it I?'—
'Tis you no doubt,' he made reply.
'Why, in good faith, it must be true,'
Resum'd the wanton dame;
'For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
'All *say the very same.*"

MAJESTY IN THE WRONG.

Louis the Fourteenth, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont happened to come in at that instant. 'Decide the matter,' said the King to him. 'Sire,' said the count at once, 'your majesty is in the wrong-'—'How!' replied the King, 'can you thus decide, without knowing the question?'—'Because,' said the count, 'had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen would have given it for your majesty.'

A WRONG TEXT.

The new King of Wirtemberg soon after his creation, commanded his favourite orator to preach before him a sermon, from v. 6 and 7 of the twenty-first psalm: 'Thou hast made him most blessed for ever; thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance. For the King trusteth in the Lord, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved." The parson, however, having received the order verbally, made a sad mistake, and preached from the 6th and 7th verses of the twenty-second psalm.—'But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that

see me, laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they shake the head.'

PUNCTILIOS OF HONOUR.

Two Gascon officers disputing on some particular subject, one of them unhandsomely contradicted the other, by saying, 'That's not true.' The asserter of the fact instantly replied: 'You are very bold, Sir, to dare to give me the lie: if I were a little nearer to you I would box your ears to teach you better manners; and you may *consider* the *blow* as *already given*.' Their brother officers present were alarmed for the consequence; but the other, assuming a serious air, rejoined, 'And I, Sir, to punish you for your insolence, would run you through the body; *so consider yourself dead*.'

A LEGAL CLAIM.

Jack Ketch being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, 'As their *executor*.'

PLAYING A SURE GAME.

Tetzel, a Dominican, who was a retailer of indulgences had, by his traffic in this way, picked up a large sum of money at Leipsic. A gentleman of that city, who pretended to have a veneration for these superstitions, went to Tetzel, and enquired if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand, for a crime which he would not specify, but which he intended to commit. Tetzel said yes, provided they could agree about the price. The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman, having information that Tetzel was about to leave Leipsic well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, cudgelled him, and told him at parting that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution. George, Duke of Saxony, hearing of the robbery, was at first very angry; but having afterwards heard the whole story, he laughed very heartily, and forgave the criminal.

PROOF OF CIVILIZATION.

A person who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it possible to civilize the natives. 'As a proof of the possibility of it,' said he, 'I have known some negroes that thought as little of a *lie* or an *oath* as any European.'

A GOOD MATCH.

A native, just arriv'd from India's land,
Wish'd to appear gay, buckish, fine, and grand.
Flesh-colour'd stockings he found all the fashion;
So that, as other puppies, he might dash on,
He straight, repairing to a hosier's shop,
Flesh-colour'd stockings call'd for, like a fop.
The hosier, fonder of his joke than trade,
Of *black* silk hose a parcel quick display'd.
'How,' said the Indian, 'flesh-colour'd I sought,'
And was to a prodigious passion wrought.
The hosier held a pair politely in his hand,
Saying, 'A better *match* you'll find not in the Strand.'

ROOT AND BRANCH.

Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, 'What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!' but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. 'Why then, madam,' said he, 'I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish if the root were under ground.'

MODESTY OF TRUE LEARNING.

A mussulman doctor being asked a question in the way of his profession, replied, 'he did not know any thing of the subject. 'Indeed!' rejoined the enquirer, 'does not the caliph allow you a salary for your learning?'—'He

pays me,' replied the doctor, very calmly, 'for what I know, and the stipend is handsome; but if he wished to reward me for what I do not know, I question whether his treasures would supply the demand.'

CIVILITY.

Two gentlemen at Bath having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote *Scoundrel* upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, that his master was not at home, but if he had any thing to say he might leave it with him. 'No, no,' says he, 'I was only going to return your master's visit, as he *left his name* at my door in the morning.'

A MINOR.

Lady Wallace, overtaking a gentleman of her acquaintance who was walking along in a thoughtful mood, slapped him on the back, and cried out, 'Pray, Sir, can you tell me how old I am?'—'Madam,' replied he, turning round, 'I cannot be very exact, but you certainly have not arrived at *years of discretion*.'

TO LORD NELSON.

(By Peter Pindar,)

With his Lordship's night-cap, that caught fire on the poet's head, as he was reading in bed, at Merton.

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

'*Dog*, why dost thou bark?' cried a graceless fellow of antiquity to one of the philosophers surnamed *cynics* or *snarlers*, in the middle of one of his lectures. 'Because I see a *thief*,' was the reply.

POLITENESS OF A MAYOR.

At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him; which the Queen observing, called out to him, 'Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor; but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, 'Nay, nay, may it please your majesty's horse to drink first.'

A CONVENIENT DAY OF PAYMENT.

Mr. Fox, on one of his occasions for borrowing money, met with a good-natured Jew, who told him he might take his own time for payment. 'Then,' said Charles, 'we'll make it the *day of judgment*; or, as that will be rather a *busy day*, suppose we say the *day after*.'

A DEFICIENCY OF EVIDENCE.

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying, 'I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect.'—'That you may do safely,' replied the wag; 'for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales.'

PROOF OF PROPERTY.

When a Jew in a rich suit of embroidered clothes once came before Lord Mansfield to justify bail, the opposite counsel pressed him very hard as to what the property he swore to consisted of. This Moses evaded as well as he could; but Lord Mansfield at last put an end to the conversation, by fixing his eyes on the Jew's lace, and exclaiming, 'Ask him no more questions: he will burn for the money.'

BIRMINGHAM OUTDONE.

A few years ago, when Handel's L' Allegro and Il Penseroso were performed at Birmingham, the passage most admired was—

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew *iron tears* down Pluto's cheek.

The great manufacturers and mechanics of the place were inconceivably delighted with this idea, because they said they had never heard of any thing *in iron* before, that could not be made at Birmingham.

THE ABLE DECYPHERER.

A person went to a scribe, and desired him to write a letter for him; but the other excused himself, having a sore foot. 'What has that to do with it?' said the man; 'I don't want you to carry it.'—'Perhaps not,' replied he; 'but when I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, as nobody else can make it out.' This man might with truth be called, though an able decypherer only a *lame* writer.

RETALIATION.

If Eve in her innocence could not be blam'd,
Because going naked she was not asham'd;
Whosoe'er views the ladies, as ladies now dress,
That again they've grown innocent sure will confess;
And that artfully too they retaliate the evil,
By the devil once tempted, they would now *tempt the devil.*

HIGH LIVING.

Two girls of high fashion, coming into an assembly-room at Bath, met a fat citizen's wife quitting it. 'Ah!' said one of them, pretty loud, 'there is *beef-a-la-mode* going out.'—'Yes,' answered the fat woman, 'and there is *game* coming in.'

THE FLATTERING PAINTER.

A nobleman, bringing some of his friends to see his son's picture, stood staring about the room to look for it; and then asked the painter which it was. This provoked him; and when they were gone, he turned to a friend, and exclaimed; 'I never painted a liker picture than this young lord; but I put a little sense in his face, and now you see neither his father nor friends know the fool again.'

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

A lunatic in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered, 'By a dispute.'—'What dispute?'—The Bedlamite replied: 'The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me.'

THE LAUGH RETURNED.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns;
But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

A TRAVELLING ACCIDENT.

A crooked gentleman on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had travelled from. 'I came *straight* from London,' replied he. 'Did you so?' said the other, 'then you have been terribly *warped by the way.*'

POLEMICS OF A FRENCH NURSE.

Fontaine's confessor exhorting him to repent, the nurse came in, and entreated he would not plague him. 'He is more stupid than wicked,' added she, 'God will not have the heart to damn him.'

A DANGEROUS CASE.

A surgeon being sent to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home with all possible speed and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, 'Sir, I hope there is no danger.' 'Yes, indeed is there,' answered the surgeon; 'for if the fellow don't make haste, the wound will heal before he returns.'

SUPERFLUOUS REQUEST.

Voltaire having lampooned a nobleman, was one night on his way home intercepted by him, and cudgelled for his licentious wit; on which he applied to the duke of Orleans, then regent, and begged him to do him *justice*. 'Sir,' replied the regent, smiling, '*it has been done already.*'

MUTUAL AVERSIONS.

Sir John Trevor, who for some misdemeanors had been expelled the house of commons, one day meeting with archbishop Tillotson, cried out, 'I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman.' 'And I,' replied the good bishop, 'hate to see a knave in any shape.'

SELFISHNESS.

A tavern-keeper who opened an oyster-shop as an appendage to his other establishment, was upbraided by a neighbouring oyster-monger as being ungenerous and *selfish*. The former replied, 'And why would not you have me *sell fish* ?'

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

'I'll hold a crown,' quoth Dick to Ned,
You often wrong your neighbour's bed.'—
'And I,' says Ned, 'will hold my life,
You always had a tell-tale wife.'

SPONSORS.

A country clergyman who used to exercise the children of his parishioners in saying their catechism, asked a boy, whom he met one day, according to the third question of the church-catechism, 'what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?' The child, being thus taken unawares, replied, 'I don't know what they will do, but they have done little enough for me yet.'

EVIDENCE OF SEDUCTION.

The father of a girl brought an action against a young man for seduction; but the lawyer thought there were not *sufficient facts*. Next day she and her father again waited on the lawyer, when she said triumphantly, 'Another fact, sir; he *seduced me again* this morning.'

LITERARY CONCESSION.

A coxcomb was turning in a coffee-house some favourite air of an opera, to which he boasted to have given the words. Just at that time the real and well-known author entered the room. A friend of his pointed to the coxcomb: 'See, sir, the professed author of the favourite song.' 'Well,' replied the other, 'the gentleman *might* have made it, for I assure him I found no difficulty in doing it myself.'

A BLAZE.

The fat Stephen Kemble was one day mentioning in company something he had done, for which he was likely to be *hauled over the coals*. 'Then,' said Ralph Wewitzer, '*all the fat would be in the fire.*'

AFFAIR OF HONOUR ACCOMMODATED.

Weston the actor having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk off it in a public

coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman, being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. 'But now,' said the gentleman, 'if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other. 'With all my heart,' says Weston; 'come, I'll wound you first:' so, drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, 'Come,' said the gentleman, 'where shall I wound you?' Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, 'Where you can, sir.'

A MIRACLE ENHANCED.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Antony of Padua, painted the *lobsters* stretching out of the water *red;* having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked how he could justify his representing the lobsters as *boiled,* he extricated himself by observing, that *the miracle was the greater.*

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

A company were conversing on the subject of the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. A person, poor in pocket and understanding, being desirous of displaying his wit, said, he remembered himself the *golden calf.*— 'You have then, replied another, 'lost *only the gilding.*'

ROYAL MODESTY.

King Charles II. asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere. He told the king, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince,

made him afraid to trust himself; with which answer the king was very well contented. 'But pray,' said Stillingfleet, 'will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?' 'Why truly, doctor,' says the king, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.'

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE WITH A CLIMAX.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate, *my dear*.

Mr. Souchong. I had much rather not, *my duck*.

But why not, *my love?*

Because I don't chuse it, *my sweet*.

Not choose it, *my darling!*

I can't afford it, *my precious*.

Why not afford it, *Mr. Souchong*.

Because it is very expensive. *Mrs. Souchong*.

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, *man*.

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, *woman*.

I think, however, you need not go to abuse my friends, *sir*.

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *ma'am*.

Then if *you* won't go, *I will;* that's poz, *husband!*

And if *you* go, you don't have a penny from me; that's poz, *wife*.

'The force of language could *no further* go!'

HARD QUESTIONS SOLVED.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time. 'Where thine was,' says the Quaker, 'before Harry Tudor's time. And now thou hast been so free with me,' added the Quaker, 'pr'ythee let me ask thee a question. Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?' 'No,' said the parson, 'nor you neither, I believe.' 'Yes I can,' replied the Quaker; 'he was going for eleven, was not he?'

HOW-D'Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

One day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing, to disputing.

Away! says How-d'y'-do, your mien
Appals my chearful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom-flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'y'-do has tuned each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.—

God-bye replied, Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-'d'y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one hour dispense
But those my tears have nourished?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go bid the timid lover choose;
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'y'-do's
One kind Good-bye would barter.

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose all their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows;
Some time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing.

A MODEL.

A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, 'Just like this,' and departed. The gentleman astonished, asked the meaning of this: the statuary answered, 'The lady has employed me to make a figure of the devil, and as I had no *model* she promised to bring me one.'

JOINT PROPERTY.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour who neglected to make use of it, plentifully stored his own part with corn, and expostulated with his partner on having laid out his money in so useless a way; adding, 'You had better do *something* with it, as you see I have done.' 'As to that, neighbour,' replied the other, 'every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and *you* have done so: but I have made up my mind about my part of the barn; I shall *set it on fire*.'

AN ANCIENT DIPLOMA.

A vain old country surgeon once calling upon Dr. Harrington, of Bath, told him with great exultation, that he had obtained a diploma to practice physic. The doctor asked if the form of a diploma now ran in the same style as at the early commencement of those honours. 'Pray, what might that be? said the surgeon. 'I'll give it you,' replied our Galen; when, stepping to his daughter's harpsicord, he played and sung the following propheey of the witches to Macbeth:

'He must, he must,
He shall, he shall,
Spill much more blood,
And become worse,
To make his title good.

'That, sir,' added he, 'was the true ancient mode of conferring a Scotch degree on doctor Macbeth.'

A DANGEROUS CASE.

A regular physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. 'Not so trifling neither,' replied the quack; 'for to tell you the truth, I have by mistake taken some of my own pills.'

LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE.

An attorney having died, two of his friends meeting, one of them observed that he had left few *effects*. 'I am not surprised at that,' said the other, 'for he had few *causes*.'

TOWN-TALK.

One of the last times that the earl of Chesterfield was at court, Miss Chudleigh and another lady came up to him; and, after the customary salutation, one of them said,

'Now, my lord, I suppose we shall hear of our faults and follies.' 'No, no,' replied the earl; not so: I never chuse to introduce what all the town talks of.'

HOMOGENEOUS MATTER.

Some one had written upon a pane in the window of an inn on the Chester road, 'Lord M——— has the *softest* lips in the universe.' Mrs. Abington once, returning from Ireland, saw this inscription, and wrote under it:

'Then as like as two chips
Are his *head* and his lips.'

DOUBLE-DEALING.

A woman in France, who led a loose life, was always saying, that the money she amassed was to introduce her to a convent. 'The lady,' observed a wag, 'reminds me of barge-men, who are always looking one way and rowing another.'

EASE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A man very much in debt, being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the *anxiety* of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: 'Ah! that may be the case,' said he, 'with a person who *thinks of paying*.'

SIMILARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

On the Scotch circuits, the judges give dinners, having an allowance for that purpose. The great lord Kaims was extremely parsimonious; and at a circuit dinner at Perth did not allow claret, as had been the custom. The conversation turned on Sir Charles Hardy's fleet, which was then blockaded by the French; and one of the company asked, what had become of our fleet. Mr. Henry Erskine answered, 'They are like us, confined to *Port*.'

TRAVELLING EXPENCES.

A foolish young man bragging in company of his travelling abroad and having never sent to his parents for any remittances, was asked by one present, how he made his way. 'By my wits,' replied the other. 'Indeed!' says he: 'then you must have travelled very *cheaply*.'

A PARELLEL CASE.

A captain in regimentals, whose character for courage was not very eminent, began to jeer another on his immense wealth and his penury. 'What pleasure can riches give you, who never dare use them?' 'The same,' replied the miser, 'as you feel in wearing those clothes and that long sword.'

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was *now* at rest.
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black;
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door;
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-yard;
When see, of narrow streets, what mischief come!
The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
And *madam* from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd; the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took especial care,
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his *dear* in such another *fright*.

THE PATRIOT.

A person entering the house of commons when the Rump parliament was sitting, exclaimed, 'These are goodly gentlemen; I could work for them all my life for nothing.' 'What trade are you, my good friend?' said one of the attendants. 'A *rope-maker*,' replied the other.

SAMSON'S WEAPON.

When Mr. D—— was once at Slaughter's coffee-house, two strangers came in and seated themselves in the same box, and began a very warm dispute on a literary subject. One of them, who had reason on his side, was very polite and moderate; the other, who was glaringly wrong in his argument, was very loud, and very rude and violent. In about half an hour, the moderate man, sick of vociferation and insolence, retired; when his adversary, flushed with victory, turned round to Mr. D—— and exclaimed: 'Well, sir, don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?' 'Yes, sir,' replied he drily, 'you have; and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines, I should wish to make use of your jaw-bone.'

A CAUTION.

When Baron Nieuman was once playing at cards in a large company, he was guilty of an *odd trick*; on which the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron, meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. 'Do?' says the wit: 'why, never *play so high* again.'

REASONABLE INDULGENCE.

In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that 'if master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be put upon by his sister, *and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea.*'

ALGERINE WIT.

A Frenchman being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave. His answer was, that he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. 'Well then,' said the pirates, who were not used to employments of that nature, 'we will give you a pair of feather breeches, and set you to hatch chickens.'

SUCCESSION OF AGES.

The house of Mr. Dundas, late president of the court of session in Scotland, and elder brother of Lord Melville, having after his death been converted into a blacksmith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following impromptu:

'This house, a lawyer once enjoy'd,
A smith does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the age of *brass!*'

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them and bought them: he moreover gave the merchants a lack of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why? he replied, 'Because you entrusted a lack of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back.' 'Aye, but suppose they should come back?' 'Then I shall erase your name, and insert theirs.'

TRUE POLITENESS.

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing by about his master's business. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'do you descend

so far as to salute a slave?' 'Why, yes,' replied the governor; 'I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.'

FITTING UP A LIBRARY.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library: 'In the first place, I want for the vacant shelves, *six feet of theology, the same quantity* of *school-metaphysics,* and *near a yard* of *old civil law* in folio.'

GARRICK AND DOCTOR HILL.

Garrick's epigram, addressed to the redoubted Sir John Hill.

'For physic and farces,
Thy equal there scarce is;
Thy farces are physic,
Thy physic a farce is.'

From the same quarter.

'Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy d——d crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.
THE JUNTO.'

Answer to the Junto.

'Their wish in form must be reverst,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For he who takes his physic first,
Will never read his rhymes.
ANOTHER JUNTO.'

The doctor sent to one of the papers the following answer:

'Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all,
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail;
I'll take neither sage, dock, valerian or honey,
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.'

A Scotch merchant, in the island of Jamaica, had, among his slaves, one whom he very much disliked, and treated with great severity; a mutual dislike soon grew on the part of Quashy, not only to his master, but to all Scotchmen. Sunday being his holiday, he bought at the water-side some fry (a small fish like shrimps), and called past his master's door, 'Fine Scotchmen, all alive! Scotchmen! buy my Scotchmen!' His master in a rage calls him, 'What have you there?' 'Scotchmen, massa.' 'Let me look. Why, you rascal, these are shrimps; how dare you call them Scotchmen?' Oh, massa, looka here, dem *stick together like Scotchmen;* come one, come twenty, every time." His master did not forget the first opportunity to scratch Quashy's back. After some time, the master was laid on his death-bed. Touched with remorse at the reflection of the severity he had treated this poor creature with, he sent for him to the bed-side. 'Well, Quashy, I am going to die' 'Oh, massa, no *kickeraboo* yet.' 'Yes, I must. I now feel I have been too harsh with you.' 'Oh, massa, you flog me like a devil!' 'To make you amends, I'll leave you your freedom.' 'Bless you heart, massa.' 'Any thing else can you ask of me?' 'Yes, massa, one little favour: when Quashy dead, let him bury close alongside of you.' 'Affectionate creature! But why so.' 'Because, when the devil come, he will be so *busy about you* he *forget Quashy.*'

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Some time after the expiration of Doctor Sacheverel's punishment (he having been silenced for three years from preaching, and his famous sermon burnt by the hangman,) the minister treated him with great indifference; and he applied in vain for the vacant rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Having however a slight acquaintance with dean Swift, he wrote to him for his interest with government on his behalf, stating how much he had suffered in the cause of the ministry. Swift immediately carried the letter to lord Bolingbroke, who railed much at Sacheverel, calling him a busy intermeddling fellow, a prig, and an incendiary who had set the kingdom in a flame that could

not be extinguished, and therefore deserving censure rather than reward. Swift replied, 'True, my lord; but let me tell you a short story: In a sea-fight, in the reign of Charles the Second, there was a bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the heat of which, a Scotch seaman was severely bitten in the cheek by a louse; which he caught, and, while he stooped down to crack it between his nails, several of the sailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-shot: on this he had compassion on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and bade him live there at discretion; for as it had saved *his* life, he was bound in gratitude to save *his*.'

A LITTLE DISTINCTION.

'*An attorney*, (says (Sterne) is the same thing to *a barrister*, that *an apothecary* is to *a physician*, with this difference, that your *lawyer* does not deal in *scruples*.'

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSIONS.

Three or four parsons, full of October;
Three or four squires, between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four liars;
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes, bringing appeals;
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, and three or four w——s;
Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood;
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended;
Three or four scolds—the session is ended.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The following singular advertisement was lately painted in large letters on a board placed on the side of a field in the neighbourhood of Greenwich:

'Good grass for horses. *Long-tails* three shillings and six-pence per week; *short-tails* two shillings and sixpence per week.' This difference in the charge was made, because the *long-tails* can whisk off the flies, and eat at their

leisure; while the *short-tails* are running about from morning till night.

ORATOR HENLEY.

'I never,' says a person who knew little about the doctor, 'saw *Orator Henley* but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them.'

Henley. 'Pray, what is become of our old friend Dick Smith? I have not seen him for several years.'

Gentleman. 'I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West Indies.*

Henley (with some surprise.). 'At *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West Indies!* My good sir, in *one* sentence there are *two* mistakes. Ceylon is not one of *our* settlements; it belongs to the *Dutch*, and it is situated not in the *West*, but the *East Indies!*'

Gentleman (with some heat.) 'That I deny.'

Henley. 'More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.'

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice.) 'Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.'

Henley. 'What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you.'

Gentleman (in a violent rage.) 'I do, sir, what then?'

Henley. 'Sir, you have a *great deal* to be thankful for.'

A HAND BILL.

'*May no miscarriage*
Prevent my marriage.'

Matthew Dowsell, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, *whenever that may happen*, and to return to Bothell to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted;* Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb to be *roasted*; William Elliot gives a hen to be *roasted;* Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be *roasted.*'

And in order that all this *roast meat* may be well *basted—do you see,*

Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them *a pound of butter.* The advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives notice,

To all young women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet in this case *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be *first come, first served.*

So come along lasses, who wish to be married;
Mat. Dowsell is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd.

EPIGRAM.

'Thou speak'st always *ill* of me;
Should I speak always well of thee,
Spite of all our noise and pother,
'The world would believe nor one or t'other.'

A GOOD APOLOGY.

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in times of abstinence, being reproached by the pope for not observing Lent; 'I assure your holiness,' said he, 'that my heart is a catholic one, but I must confess I have a Lutheran stomach.'

A QUERY UPON A QUERY.

On the motto *Ultima Domus*, at Chichester cathedral, where are deposited the remains of the duke of R——'s family.

Did he, who thus inscrib'd the wall,
Not *read*, or not *believe* St. Paul?
Who says *there is* (where'er it stands)
Another house not made with hands,
Or must we gather from these words,
That house is *not a House of Lords.*

HYMENEAL CASUISTRY.

The Roman catholics consider *matrimony* as a sacrament, and in defence of that opinion, assert that it confers *grace.* The protestant divines oppose this, and say it ought to be understood in a limited sense, for that marriage can only be considered as conferring *grace,* and that it generally produces *repentance,* which every body knows is one step towards it.

TWO WAYS OF ACCOUNTING FOR THE SAME THING.

Jeu d'esprit on George I. sending a regiment of horse to the city of Oxford, and presenting a number of books to the university of Cambridge.

The king observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one a regiment sent; ask you for why?
That *learned body* wanted *loyalty;*
To t'other books he gave, as well discerning
How much that *loyal body* wanted *learning.*

Answered by Sir William Browne.

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:—
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

PLEBEIAN PLEASANTRY.

An abbé, who was very fat, coming late in the evening to a fortified city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. 'I believe so,' said the

peasant, looking at him jocosely, 'for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning.'

A HINT TO LADIES.

A learned judge was about to try a prisoner for a rape, and observed the ladies seemed very unwilling to leave the court, upon which he acquainted them of the impropriety of their presence; some of them had, indeed, the decency to retire, others staid. He again expostulated with them on the indecency of staying, but without effect; when the judge's clerk told his lordship he might proceed on the business, all the *modest ladies* were gone. This smart repartee had the desired effect, and they all retired immediately.

A TRUE KING.

When Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, 'Pray, doctor,' says the veteran, 'what is the object you mean to attain?' 'Liberty, sire,' replied the philosopher of Philadelphia; 'liberty! that *freedom* which is the birth-right of man.' The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and *kingly* answer: 'I was born a prince, I am become a king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade.'

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

The following little *jeu d'esprit* was ascribed to a friend of Pope, and addressed to Colly Cibber:

'In merry old England it once was a rule,
For the king to employ both a poet and fool:
But now, we're *so frugal*, I'd have you to know it,
That a *laureat* will serve both for *fool* and for *poet*.'

EPIGRAM.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A COMPLIMENT ILL RECEIVED.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnson, endeavoured to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at every thing he said. The Doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent *ha, ha, ha!* becoming intolerable, 'Pray, sir,' said the Doctor, 'what is the matter? I hope I have not said any thing that *you* can comprehend.'

STRONG TESTIMONY.

A mountebank, expatiating on the virtues of his *drawing salve*, and reciting many instances of its success, was interrupted by an old woman, who asserted rather *ironically*, that she had seen it draw out of a door *four rusty tenpenny nails*, that defied the united efforts of two of the strongest blacksmiths in the country with their hammers and pincers.

THE COMPLAISANT PAINTER.

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most extreme contraction. 'Do not trouble yourself so much, madam,' exclaimed the painter, 'for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all.'

PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

To a play-bill published by a country manager, was added the following attractive invitation:

Let none be afraid from the country to come,
As the *moon* is *engaged* for to *light* them all home;
But should she *herself* that honour decline,
The *stars* have *agreed* with more lustre to shine.
Doors open at six, begin about seven,
At home safe in bed between ten and eleven.

ACCEPTABLE COMPULSION.

When a bill for regulating watchmen was in its progress through the House of Commons, a member observed, that a great number of them, being employed in labour all day, could not do justice to their watch during the night; he therefore proposed as an amendment, that every watchman should be obliged to sleep six hours in the day-time. Another member rose and said, 'I heartily second the amendment moved by the honourable member; and beg, that on account of my being much afflicted with the gout, I may be included in it.'

HARD DUTY.

A colonel who had raised a regiment of fencible cavalry, was complaining in a company that he had the whole labour of the corps on himself. 'I am,' said he, 'obliged to be my own major, my own captain, my own adjutant, &c.'—' And,' said a person present, 'I presume, your own *trumpeter*.'

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.

One sharp frosty day, the Prince of Wales went into the Thatched House Tavern, and ordered a beef-steak: but observing that it was excessively cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water: He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. 'Now,' said his royal highness, 'I am warm and comfortable; bring my steak.' On this, Mr. Sheridan who was present, wrote the following impromptu:

The prince came in and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer;
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
Then he pronounc'd it *summer*.

CURE FOR A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

The late Duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey that was kept in the stable, was remarkably fond of riding the horses; skipping from one to the other, and teazing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil, 'If he is so fond of riding,' said his grace, 'we'll endeavour to give him enough of it.' A complete jockey-dress was provided for the monkey; and the next time the hounds went out, Jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view-halloo being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. 'Aye, zure,' said the man, 'he be gone over yon fallow.'—'And was there any one up with him?—'Whoy, yes, said John; there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in 'um. I hope from my heart the young gentleman may'nt meet with a fall, but he rides monstrous hard.'

A HARD SEPARATION.

A Scotchman coming to England, by way of living better, hired himself to a farmer. Dining one day on bread, cheese, and butter, he spread the butter on the cheese. His mistress reproving him for his extravagance, Sawney replied, "Deel hae them that parted them."

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

A clergyman being requested by some of his parishioners to pray for rain, said he would do any thing to oblige them, but *it would be of no service* as long as the *wind continued in the same quarter.* However, having obeyed the wish of his people, he was told by the beadle as he went out, that a heavy shower was coming on. 'I *hope not,*' said he, 'for I have *not brought my umbrella.*'

A BREAKFAST.

A farmer's servant having a cheese set before him to take his breakfast, and sitting a long time over it, his master asked him when he intended to have done. 'Sir,' said he, 'a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you think.'

A MINISTERIAL MANŒUVRE.

Sir Robert Walpole once wanting to carry a question in the House of Lords, and not being quite sure of some of the bishops, prevailed upon his friend the archbishop of Canterbury to stay at home for two or three days. In the mean time, Sir Robert circulated a report that his grace was dangerously ill. On the day of meeting, the house was, as might be expected, remarkably crowded with lawn sleeves, not one of whom voted against the minister.'

BARE POSSIBILITIES.

Balthazer Gratian recommends all travellers to seek for the following rarities, in every country they may visit:

A great lord without debts; a prince who was never offended at hearing truth; a poet who became rich by his muse; an humble Spaniard; a silent Frenchman; a sober German; a learned man recompensed; a discontented madman; or a true friend. He might have added, an *honest lawyer*, which would be perhaps a greater rarity than any of the foregoing.

THE HEIGHT OF AUDACITY.

Agesilaus, seeing a malefactor endure the greatest torments with prodigious constancy, cried out with indignation, 'What an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, courage and magnanimity in such an impious and dishonest cause!'

VICISSITUDE.

On the doctrine of gravity being discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, from the circumstance of an apple falling on his head from a tree.

When old Nick in his clutches first caught mother Eve,
As all the learn'd fathers agree,
He by glozing essay'd the fair dame to deceive,
And of knowledge he shew'd her the tree.

Madam, longing to judge betwixt evil and good,
Was curious to taste, though forbidden,
Of the fruit of life's tree, in the middle that stood,
All erect in the garden of Eden.

But knowledge to woman's a perilous gift,
That unfits her too oft for her station;
Hence both Eve and poor Adam were turn'd out adrift,
And destin'd to death and damnation.

Long time had this tree nearly barren remain'd,
Unsown were its seeds in man's mind,
Till by Newton replanted it flourish'd again,
And an apple enlighten'd mankind.

As an apple occasioned the fall of frail man,
And with Satan compelled him to grapple,
So was knowledge decreed by the Deity's plan
To result from the *full of an apple.*

AN ACQUISITION.

As a press-gang were once patroling about Smithfield, they laid hold on a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be pressed. 'Haul him away,' says one of the tars, 'he is the very man we want; we have pressed a great number of blackguards, and are at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners.'

EASY STUDY.

My garden neat
Has got a seat
That's hid from ev'ry eye, sir:
There day and night
I read and write,
And *nobody's the wiser.*

A MODERATE GAMESTER.

A person saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding. 'Faith,' says another present, 'I now see the reason you *never play deep.*'

A SPIRITED PARSON.

A clergyman of Norfolk having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, 'Doctor, your gown is your protection,'—replied 'Though it may be mine, it shall not be yours;' and immediately pulled it off, and threshed the aggressor.

WORSE STILL.

'I am absolutely afraid,' said the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Viner, 'that I shall die a beggar.' —'At the rate you go on,' replied Sir Robert, 'I am afraid *you will live one.*'

MARRIAGE QUALIFICATIONS.

A beggar having the accomplishments of a shrunk arm, a hump-back, and the want of a leg paid his addresses to a young lady of the mendicant tribe, whose charms could only be equalled by the Baratarian beauty recommended to governor Sancho. Her father, however, indignantly denied his consent. 'What!' said he, 'you pretend to my daughter! I refused her last week to a man who goes with his breech in a bowl.'

CONTRARY TRADES.

Through Lincoln's-inn as Mordecai was crying,
Old clowes! old clowes! clowes, clowes to sell? old clowes!
It chanc'd old Pouncit too that way was prying,
Wig on his pate, and 'spectacles on nose.'

Beneath his arm was slung the trusty bag,
The green depot of master's briefs and speeches;
Which made the Jew-man cry (a merry wag:)
'Any old clowes to sell, shoes, hats, or breeches!'

'Thou fool of Hagar's offspring!' Pouncit cries;
'Think'st thou I sell old clothes, thou worst of brutes?
'Here on these papers cast thy sooty eyes:—
'These papers, Israelite, are all *new suits.*'

A NEW SCHEME.

Mr. S——, one day being dressed in a very handsome pair of new boots, met a friend, when the following conversation ensued. Friend. These are handsome boots, Sherry; who made them?'—S. 'Hoby.'—F. 'How did you prevail on him?'—S. 'Guess.'—'I suppose you talked him over in the old way.'—S. 'No, that won't do now.'—F. 'Then when they came home you ordered half a dozen more?'—S. 'No.'—F. Perhaps you gave a check on Hammersley, which you knew would not be honoured.'—S. 'No, no, no; in short, you might *guess till to-morrow before you hit it. I paid for them.*'

THE BEST CUSTOMERS.

Dr. Majendie of Canterbury, Dr. Radcliffe, and Dr. Case, once passing a very jovial evening together, 'Here, brother,' cried Radcliffe, 'here brother Case, suppose we drink a health to all the fools that are your patients.'—'I thank you, my wise brother Radcliffe,' replied Case, 'let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice.'

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It is said of a Bath physician, that he could not prescribe even for himself without a fee, and therefore, when unwell, he took a guinea out of one pocket, and put it into the other.

FUNERAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

Advertisement.—'The vaults at Paddington are opened, and were always considered as the choicest, most commodious, and best-regulated burying-grounds in the environs of London. Is very much improved, having been enlarged by the addition of an extensive piece of ground. The undertakers and the public in general are informed, that the vaults erected under the new parish church, are also opened and consecrated, &c.'

Another speculator advertises *second-hand coffins.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A certain earl having beaten Anthony Henley at Tunbridge for some impertinence, the next day he found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated him upon his new acquisition of spirit. 'Oh! my lord,' replied Henley, 'your lordship and I know whom we have to deal with.'

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

At Betty, astonish'd, the people all gaz'd,
"'Twas wonderful," still they kept saying;
For my part I own I was not much amaz'd
At seeing a *little boy playing.*

GRAVITY.

Some one writing against gravity, says the gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fowl.

RIGHT VIEWS OF THINGS

The witty and convivial Lord Kelly being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. 'What, madam,' said he, 'would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast* and *drinks like a fish*,'

THE LAST RIDE.

When Colonel Thornton once asked his coachman, whether he had any objection to go abroad with him; 'To any place that ever was created,' said the fellow eagerly. 'Would you drive me to hell?' said the colonel. 'That I would,' answered the fellow. 'Why, you would find it a hot birth, and you must *go in first* yourself.' 'No, no; I would *back* your honour in.'

AGRICULTURAL PUN.

Mention is made of a couple, eminent in the circles of fashion for many years past, having recently distinguished themselves in a particular manner by their attention to agriculture. A punster observes on this strange transformation, that in following up the duties of a farmer in his fields, some advantages may be made even of *an old rake*.

IMPATIENCE.

At an inn in a market-town upon the great road leading to Holyhead, where a country company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers a gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper. A tall meagre figure stalked in, and, with an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, retired with a sigh. Repeating his visit a second time, he exclaimed, 'That fowl will never be done in time.' 'What do you mean?' said the gentleman: 'that fowl is for my supper, and you shan't touch a bit of it.'—'Oh,' replied the other, 'you

misunderstand me: I do not want the fowl; but I am to play Oroonoko this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the *jack-chain*.'

NEW PLAN OF HORSE DEALING.

A gentleman complained to old Bannister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. 'Then,' said Charles, 'you must sell him wholesale.'—'Wholesale! how so?'—'Because you cannot *re-tail* him.'

KEEPING AN EYE ON BUSINESS.

A shoe-black meeting a hackney-coachman on a very fine sun-shiny day, in the middle of November, accosted him with, 'All's *bad* still, Tom, all's *bad* yet, for you and I; here's another of these *confounded* fine days.'

A PROVERB EXPLAINED.

In a company of literati, the late James Boswell observed, that many definitions had been given of man; as a biped animal, an unfeathered animal, a speaking animal, a rational: and yet all were exceptionable, and more or less characteristic of other animals. 'But,' said he, 'man may, without exception, be termed a *cooking animal*, as the only one that dresses his food.' 'This observation,' said Mr. Burke, "explains a proverb which before I could make nothing of—There is reason in *roasting eggs*.'

TRANSPOSITION OF TERMS.

A finished coquette at a ball asked a gentleman near her, while she adjusted her tucker, whether he could *flirt a fan*, which she held in her hand. 'No, madam,' answered he, proceeding to use it, 'but I can *fan a flirt*.'

A TYPE.

An ingenious writer has written a treatise against the use of chemicals and galenicals, in which he contends that

the woes consequent to the *pouring out of the vials* in the Revelations are typical of the ills which arise from taking physic.

A VALUABLE POSSESSION.

A gentleman having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. 'No,' says the other, 'I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again.'

A COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

Hogarth being once at the house of Vanloo, then the fashionable portrait-painter, and looking over a legion of his portraits, Monsieur, with a low bow, told him he had not words to express how much he admired *his caricatures*. Hogarth returned his bow, and told him *he equally admired his*.'

A PAIR OF POCKETS.

No prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent these generous, nay extravagant offers, scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the King's taylor to make one of his majesty's coat-pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The King, being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. 'May it please your majesty,' replied the wag, 'the large pocket is to receive the addresses and professions of your subjects; and the other is to put the *money* in, which they present you with.'

TERMINATION OF A FEVER.

A gentleman, hearing of the death of another, 'I thought," said he to a person in company, 'you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone off.'—'Yes,' replied the latter, 'I did so, but I forgot to mention that he was *gone off* along with it.'

A PROPER ANSWER.

Augustus having heard of a countryman who lived at a distance from Rome, so like himself, that their faces were scarcely distinguishable, was curious to see him, and being in that part of the country, sent for him. Being brought into his presence, the emperor, among other things, jocularly asked whether his mother used ever to go to Rome. 'No,' answered he, 'but my father did.'

THE ROYAL QUERIST.

After Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with the King, in the Queen's library at Buckingham-house, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. 'His majesty, replied the doctor, 'seems to be possessed of much good-nature and much curiosity, and is far from contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but he *answered them all himself*.'

THE CLIMAX OF CALAMITY.

When poor Job was afflicted with loss of his wealth,
The devil contriv'd the downfall of his house;
There destroy'd all his children, and robb'd him of health,
Whilst, *more to afflict him, he left him his spouse.*

A FIDDLER'S DUEL.

A desperate, and probably a most bloody duel was lately prevented in the musical world, by the interference of a friendly second fiddle, fortunately screwed up in concert pitch for the harmonic purpose. The *minor-keyed* Cramer, it seems, called out the *con-furioso* Giornowich, for an orchestra insult on his father. It happening that neither of the *primos* having a *bow to draw* the next day, heroically agree to *draw a trigger* against the first string of each other's life. The instruments were prepared; but, happily, the time was not duly kept, as one of them only began his dead march to Paddington in three *flats*, while the other had run his rapid *fugue* to the termination of the passage, marked for the *last movement*, where he remained *con poco*

affettuoso. From this error in counting, a confused interval of twenty-four bars rest took place, in which the two-part friend happily threw in a *melting cantabile* of his own composing; this brought the principal performers into unison with each other, by an amicable *rondeau*, which, after a long *shake*, closed the performance by a very laughable *finale.*

SHARP WORK.

A person who, in the course of a tedious law-suit, had given his attorney many hospitable invitations, was surprised at last to find as an article in his bill, 'dining with you —— times, at 6s. 8d. each. Being indignant at this return to his kindness, he resolved to turn the tables in some degree on the attorney, and accordingly charged him five shillings a time for his dinners and wine. The man of law however was too deep for him, and informed against him for *selling wine without a licence.*.

BEST PAY, BEST CUSTOM.

When Lord Kenyon and Lord Loughborough were chief justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas at the same time, one fishmonger near Lincoln's-inn-fields supplied the piscatory luxuries of both tables, whose custom it was to ticket the principal article with the name of the purchaser, and hang it up conspicuously in his shop. One day the following labels appeared on the fish destined for the respective boards of these noble lords:—'Lord Loughborough—2 *turbots*, 6 hen *lobsters*, 4 dozen *smelts*, 100 *prawns.*' 'Lord Kenyon, a *haddock.*'—A gentleman passing by, observed to the fishmonger, that there was some difference in the orders of his noble friends. 'Yes, sir, replied the other, 'there is; and yet it would puzzle the best lawyer amongst you to tell me which will prove the best customer.

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER.

A hackney-coachman seeing a certain man of the ton driving four-in-hand down Bond-street, said, 'That fellow looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman.'

DOCTORS DIFFER.

At the time that Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Winter were the two principal physicians at Bath, they adopted very opposite modes of practice; but the former gave some credence to his prescription of milk diet, by making it the principal article of his own sustenance. On this occasion, Winter wrote him the following stanzas:

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou did'st thy system learn;
From Hyppocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes and calves is food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
A friend's advice forgive:
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyne's Answer.

My system, doctor's all my own,
No teacher I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That *you yourself may live.*

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

The following advertisement was posted up at North Shields, 'Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr.——, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to *shoot* his said *ass*, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the *wrong one*.'

EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

It has been observed that most princes are good horsemen; and indeed that riding is in general the only thing they learn well, as horses do not flatter.'

SHOP-BILL.

James Williams, parish-clerk, saxtone, town-cryer, and bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasharies, groceries, &c. likewise hair and whigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice.

N.B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach, at reasonable rates, reading, writing, and singing.

N.B. I play the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N.B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoo horses with the greatest scil.

N.B. Children taut to dance, if agreeable at six-pence per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals—shoos cleaned and mended.

N.B. A hat and pair of stockings to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tuesday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on t'other side of the way.

N.B. Look over the door for the sighn of the three pigeons.

N.B. I sell good ayle, and sometimes cyder.—Lodgings for single men.

MRS. DIDIER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Spoken at the Bath Theatre, Feb. 7, 1807.

Can none remember, nay, I know all must,
When the great Siddons gave her reasons just,
For quitting those whose approbation drew
Her wond'rous merits first to public view.
Three reasons only could that prop unfix,
Whilst dame Didier, alas! has *sixty-six;*
Look in my face, and there too plain appears,
Th' unerring mark of six and sixty years.
My reasons are not little girls and boys,
Their doating parents' anxious cares and joys,
But twelve long months (of good deeds or of crimes)
Repeated over six and sixty times!
Though I might boast that many a comic brother
Has of this theatre long hail'd me---Mother?
Nay, whilst we've Garricks, infantile and raw,
I may be term'd this stage's Grand-mama.

Twice twenty years ago my lot was cast,
Here should my scenes of future life be past;
And 'tis with pride and gratitude I own,
A happier fortune few have ever known.

When first you saw me, by your partial aid,
The romping girls, pert chambermaids, I play'd;
And oft, transform'd by elegant attire,
Begg'd you'd her court-bred ladyship admire!
Ah! then my vanity would not refuse
The highest efforts of the comic muse;
Your Townlys, Teazles, Rosalinds so gay,
I had presumption, gentle friends, to play;
But ne'er did this ambition reach my heart,
I never squinted through a tragic part.

'Tis 'long experience only makes us sage,'
In that we find our level on the stage;
In homely parts, with simple nature's aims,
Ashfield, and other rusticated dames,
Aunt Heidlebergs, and matrons in brocades,
Your Malaprops and antiquated maids,

My forte, I struck on, and, with exultation,
Your laugh I construed into approbation.

A few more years, should health continue still,
This humble sphere I yet perhaps might fill;
But 'blest retirement, friend to life's decline,'
Bids me my labours and their fruits resign;
Content with pittance early toil was made,
The frugal savings of your gen'rous aid.
Deem not my heart insensible, or cold,
That I no cambric handkerchief unfold;
With bosom throbbing, and with fault'ring speech,
Your kind indulgence for this step beseech;
This face I ne'er the form of woe could teach—
Nor do I think, with arrogance and pride,
That this my place can never be supplied!
I'm pleas'd to leave you thus brim-full of glee,
You must be pleas'd, your bounty makes me free.
My worthy managers, whose gentle sway
Made forty winters one bright holiday,
Must too be pleas'd that an old servant goes
From anxious toiling to her eve's repose;
And with her faithful mate, can thus retire,
Where thrift has piled, and leisure trims their fire;
Where life's rude cares no more may intervene,
To mar their studies for another scene.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The captain of a West Indiaman who could shoot a long bow, told this story: 'Gentlemen, last year coming over the banks of Newfoundland, we hooked an immense shark, and there appeared a difficulty of getting him up on board. I went down to my cabin for my pistols, and just as I was going to fire one of them at him, it slipped out of my hand, and fell into the sea. Soon after, the shark broke the line and made his escape. Well, gentlemen, coming home this voyage, about the same latitude, we again hooked a shark; and with some difficulty he was hauled on deck. As they were cutting him up, I was surprised at the report of something like a pistol shot; and, gentlemen, would you believe it, this was the identical shark which had swallowed my pistol, and it now went off in consequence of a stroke of the knife with which they were ripping up his belly. You

may perhaps think I have used a licence too often indulged by travellers, and fabricated this story, but my mate and all my people, if they were here, would tell you the same.'

HAND-BILL EXTRAORDINARY.

As dancing is the poetry of motion, those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to 'trip it on the light fantastic toe,' will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N.B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

MATRIMONY.

I will not have a man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all,
I will not have a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear;
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest;
A man of sense they say is proud,
A senseless one is always loud;
A man that's rich I'm sure won't have me,
And one that's poor I fear would starve me:
A sailor always smells of tar,
A rogue, they say, is at the bar;
A sober man I will not take,
A gambler soon my heart would break;
Of all professions, tempers, ages,
Not one my buoyant heart engages;
Yet strange and wretched is my fate,
For still I sigh for the marriage state.

PROPER PRIVACY.

A married lady just arrived from the West Indies begged of the accoucheur to recommend her a private place for her lying in. He asked what reason a married lady could have to lie in privately. 'To tell you the truth,' said she, 'I wish to be private till I know what colour the child is.'

SETTING THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT.

In spite of the maxim that there is nothing new under the sun, the following version of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice will shew that it is still possible to throw new light on very old subjects:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his pipe, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonished, a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far;—but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain:
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

Yet pity succeeding, found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art:—
Such power had music in hell.

THE HANGMAN.

Executions not being altogether so frequent in Sweden as here, there are many towns in that country without an executioner. In one of these a criminal was sentenced to be hanged, which occasioned some little embarrassment, as it obliged them to bring a hangman from a distance at a considerable expence, besides the customary fee of two crowns. A young tradesman, belonging to the city council, giving his sentiments, said, 'I think, gentlemen, we had best give the malefactor the two crowns, and let him go and be hanged where he pleases.'

A STORY-TELLER.

A great teller of stories was in the midst of one of them at his evening club, when notice was brought him that a

ship, in which he was going to the West Indies, was on the point of sailing; he was therefore obliged to leave off abruptly, but on his return from Jamaica, some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and taking possession of his old seat, by the fire-side, resumed his tale, ' Gentlemen, as I was saying—'

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Barrington, on opening the Theatre at Sydney, Botany Bay.

From distant climes o'er wide spread seas we come,
Tho' not with much eclat or beat of drum,
True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;
No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
What urg'd our travels, was our country's weal;
And none will doubt, but that our emigration
Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.
But you enquire what could our breasts inflame
With this new fashion for theatric fame?
What in the practice of our former days
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.
He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll own will make an admirable *Ranger*.
To see *Macheath* we have not far to roam,
And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at home;
Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.
As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part;
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little pantomime;
Here light and easy columbines are found,
And well-try'd harlequins with us abound:
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We often had recourse to a flying-leap!
To a black face have sometimes ow'd an 'scape,
And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape,

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear!
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep!
His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk;
Our females have been us'd at night to walk.
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part.
'Give me a horse!' bawls Richard like a drone;
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To raise your smiles we'll do our very best;
And without dread of future turnkey Lockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

AN ADAGE APPLIED.

A lady hearing a priest in company declare, 'that Saint Dennis, after his head was cut off, walked two whole leagues with it in his hand;' and added, with great emphasis, 'Yes, two whole leagues.'—'I do not doubt it,' she replied: 'on such occasions, the *first step is the only difficulty.*'

SCIENTIFIC DISTINCTIONS.

A learned physician, and fellow of the Royal Society seeing over the door of a paltry public house, 'The Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm Mac Tavish, M. D. F. R. S.' went in and severely took to task the landlord for this presumptuous insult on science. Boniface, with a respect but firmness which shewed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor, that he meant no insult on science. 'What right then,' asked he, 'have you to put up these letters after your name?'—'I have as good a right to these,' answered the landlord, 'as you, having been *Drum Major of the Royal Scotch Fusileers.*'

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A horse belonging to a student at Oxford, having trespassed on the premises of one of the heads of a college

the latter sent him to his master, with a message, that if ever he found the horse there again, he would cut off his tail. 'You may tell the doctor,' said the student, to the messenger, 'if he cuts off my horse s tail, I'll cut off his ears.' The two happening to meet next day, the senator asked the student imperiously, how he dared to send him so impertinent a message? 'Sir,' answered he, submissively, 'I meant nothing disrespectful; I only said, if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off *his* ears.'

THE NEWSPAPER.

An engine of good and of evil,
Of falsehood, and truth, in its turn;
Assisted always by the Devil,
Whose lashes make sinful folk mourn.

A mirror of folly and fashion;
A mart of wit, bon-mot, and joke.
The foe of crim. con.'s guilty passion,
But friendly to Hymen's fair yoke.

The comfort and guide of the trader,
In dealings at home and abroad;
The dread of the boasting invader—
The brand by which tyrants are aw'd.

Bright liberty's rock of reliance,
When tempests her residence threats:
The fost'rer of art and of science,
Of every thing gallant, or great.

A GOOD COMPARISON.

The late George Colman being once told, that a man whose character was not very immaculate, had grossly abused him, pointedly remarked, that 'the scandal and ill-report of some persons, was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner.'

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The following little stanza was one night pasted on the pedestal of the statue of a Moor supporting a sun-dial, which is in the garden of Clement's Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here:
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

A MISCONCEPTION.

A barber having a dispute with a parish clerk, on a point of grammar, the latter said it was a downright *barbarism*. 'What,' replied the other, 'do you mean to insult me? *Barberism!* I'd have you to know a *barber* speaks as good English any day as a parish-clerk.'

NAUTICAL READING.

A tobacconist having set up his chariot, in order to anticipate the jokes that might be passed on the occasion, displayed on it the Latin motto of 'Quid rides?' Two sailors, who had often used his shop, seeing him pass by in his carriage, the one asked the meaning of the inscription, when his companion said it was plain enough, repeating them as two English words, *Quid* rides.

FEMALE BASHFULNESS.

When a celebrated comedian was going to dine a few miles from Dublin, the horse of the jingle in which he rode sprang and rose on its hinder legs most furiously, on which he called the driver to stop and let him out. 'Oh! your honour,' exclaimed the fellow, 'by my shoul, it's only the mare's a little *bashful;* it's the first time she ever was in harness.'

UPPER STORIES.

Lord Verulam being asked by James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderes, a very tall man, who was sent on an occasional embassy to the monarch of France, answered, that some tall men were like lofty houses, where the *upper rooms* are commonly the most *meanly furnished.*'

NO LOSS.

When Pluto was told that old Gripus was dying,
Who through life every villainous scheme had been trying,
But to cheat the infernals had left all his store
To four friends, 'in trust,' for the use of the poor;
'He may,' says grim Pluto, 'do so if he please;
If I lose my friend Gripe, I shall have the trustees.'

THE TARGET.

A part of the Prince of Wales's artillery corps made an excursion to Woolwich, in order to fire at the target; when, in the course of their evolutions, an individual of the regiment, who is called by his brother volunteers the field-marshal, from not having taken his aim correctly, killed an unfortunate cow that was grazing close by. This ludicrous accident has given rise to the following

IMPROMPTU.

Artillery lads a shooting went
At target; but, somehow,
A ball to hit the *bull's-eye* meant,
Went wrong, and shot a *cow.*

Field-Marshal brave! thy fame is seal'd,
Of thee thy corps is proud;
Since now, 'tis plain, that in the field
Thou never wilt be *cowed.*

AN UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

A French gentleman complimented Madame Dennis with the manner in which she had just performed the part

of Lara. 'To do justice to this part,' said she, 'the actress should be young and handsome.'—'Ah, madam,' replied the complimenter with naivete, 'you are a complete proof of the contrary.'

A SONG OF CONTRADICTIONS,

By Mac Laren, the Scotch dramatist.

Tom *Walker* was riding, Jack *Rider* on foot,
Sall *Black* was quite fair, Betty *White* was like soot,
Jack *Coward* in battle some hundreds did slay,
Ned *Valiant* grew faint-hearted and ran away.
Joe *Little* was tallest among many men,
Sam *Big* was in stature a perfect bit wren;
But some have asserted, and I do the same,
That we never should judge any man by his name.

Bill *Swift* in foot-racing came always behind,
Dan *Slow* was in motion more fleet than the wind,
Dick *Lion* was harmless, and perfectly tame,
Jack *Lamb* could spread terror wherever he came,
Matt *Garret* in cellars would oftentimes lie,
Ben *Kitchen* took lodgings adjoining the sky.
But some have asserted, and I do the same,
That we never should judge any man by his name.

UNWORTHY MY NOTICE.

Frederic the great, King of Prussia, was informed that a person had attacked his character—'Has he the command,' said the King, 'of 100,000 men?' Being answered in the negative, he said, 'Had he 100,000 men, I would declare war against him; as he has not, I can do nothing against him.'

AVARICE.

Larkham, the apothecary of Richmond, told Mr. Henry Floyd that his patient, Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune, and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died, desired him to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. 'Lord, Sir,' said Larkham, 'what do

you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?'—'Why,' said Watson, 'I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who shall lay me out; and that is an old ragged one, and good enough for them!'

MISCONCEPTION.—A TALE.

Ere night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed
In Thetis' lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap.

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold
Did slily creep,
Where num'rous flocks were quiet laid
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal;
But hapless, close behind his heel
Was ploughman Joe,
Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck and ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight
Be dragg'd per force
Where prosecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From th' elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

'Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice
Thou knew'st full well
The sheep within that fold belong'd;
Come, quickly tell:—

Confess thy crime, 'twill naught avail
To say, the mark above the tail
Thou did'st not heed;
For G.F.M. in letters large,
Thou plain might'st read.'

'Tis true, I did,' the thief replies,
'But man is not at all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I clearly thought that G.F.M.
Meant *Good Fat Mutton.*

A POPULAR STANZA WELL APPLIED.

Horace Walpole wrote a catalogue of royal and noble authors; the witty speeches which have been made by royal and noble personages, from the earliest time to the present, perhaps would fill a sufficient number of pages to make a thin pamphlet. One of the best that has been recorded, was by the late Duke of York, who, soon after his brother's accession, went one morning to St. James's, in a very dejected state; the King, with great good nature, asked him what ailed him, why he was so low-spirited, &c. 'Why am I so low-spirited?' said the Duke, 'who can be otherwise that is in my situation?—eternally teized by my creditors, and not a penny to pay them!' The King immediately opened his escrutoire, and presented him with a bank-note,—in which the Duke very deliberately read aloud as follows: '*The Governor and Company of the Bank of England, promise to pay to Daniel Race, or Bearer, One Thousand Pounds!*' at which word, without waiting to return his thanks, or making the customary *congee*, he stalked out of the room, singing in a very loud voice, and cheerful key—

'God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,—God save the King:
Send him victorious,—happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—God save the King!'

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller was very covetous, very vain, and a great glutton. Old Tonson, the bookseller, got many pictures from

him by playing these passions against the other. He would tell Kneller that he was the greatest master that ever was, and send him every now and then a haunch of venison, and a dozen of claret. 'Oh!' said he once to Vandergucht, 'this old Jacob loves me, he is a very good man: you see he loves me, for he sends me good things; the venison was fat.'

Kneller would say to Cock the auctioneer, and the Christie of his age, 'I love you, Mr. Cock, and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another.'

If you would be tickled, tickle first, seems to have been the maxim of Sir Godfrey; or, according to the Latin adage, *manus manum fricat*—put water in the pump.

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD.

A pious divine of the old school says--'A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbour, his own shame, a walking swill tub, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.'

LEARNING IN A MAYOR.

Lord Shelburne, when secretary of state for the home department, had occasion to write to the magistrates throughout the empire, to intreat of them to exert all their influence in assisting the officers on the recruiting service, to raise some new corps. Among the others he addressed Mr. C——, the mayor of Leicester, a baker, who received his lordship's letter with the most perfect humility, and conceiving its contents to be of singular importance, thought he could not fulfil his duty better than by calling a meeting of the whole corporation. Having taken the chair, he gravely addressed his auditors, informing them that he had received a letter from one Lord Shelburne, desiring that he would do all in his power to raise new *crops*. 'Now, gentlemen,' says he, 'you are all acquaint-

ed with my loyalty, but as wheat is every day lowering in price, and as it would cost a deal of money to raise it, I have called you together, in order to avail myself of your united wisdom and assistance.' The whole corporation were struck with the importance and intricacy of the business, and were beginning to consider of the means of putting this extraordinary mandate into execution, when an undertaker, one of the common council, carefully perusing the letter, asserted that it was a *corpse* instead of the *crops* which they were requested to raise. This assertion caused an examination of the letter, and after a sharp debate the interpretation of the undertaker was carried by a considerable majority.

TO A FRIEND.

Of two illustrious statesmen dead,
You ask, dear friend, what may be said
Of either's memory?
For once, I answer you in rhyme,
That Pitt may be compared to *time*,
Fox to *eternity*.

THE SYMBOL OF WISDOM.

Mrs. Barbauld being on a visit to the university of Oxford, in company with a very stupid young nobleman, who acted as *Cicerone* at one of the colleges; it was observed by a person who knew both the parties, how unfortunate she was in her conductor. 'Not at all,' said a gentleman present, 'Minerva, you know, was always attended by an *owl*.'

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY COME TO.

Mr. Kemble and Mr. Lewis, while performing at Manchester, were walking one day along the street, when a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stared at them with open mouth, and cried out, 'They be play-actors.'—'Hold your tongue, you dog,' said old sweep, you don't know what you may come to yourself.'

THE SNOW BALL.

White as her hand fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm!
When sent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
E'en itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all must feel.
Who thus can by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Can'st *quench* my fierce desire;
But not with *water, ice,* or *snow,*
But with an *equal fire.*

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN RICHES.

A countryman carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be the name. 'Peter, my own name, and please your reverence.'—'Peter, that is a bad name; *Peter denied his master.*'—'What then would your reverence advise?'—Why not take my name, Joseph?'—Joseph! ah! *he denied his mistress.*'

A RECEIPT FOR FAMILY PEACE.

An emperor of China, making a progress, discovered a family, in which the master, with his wives, children, grand-children, daughters-in-law, and servants all lived in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, admiring this, enquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote only these words:—*patience, patience, patience.*

REQUISITES FOR GOING TO LAW.

A lady asked an old uncle, who had been an attorney, but left off business, what were the requisites for going to law; to which he replied: 'Why, niece, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a *good cause*. Secondly, a *good attorney*. Thirdly, a *good counsel*. Fourthly, *good evidence*. Fifthly, a *good jury*. Sixthly, a *good judge* And lastly, *good luck*.'

FATAL OPERATION.

A facetious character, whose talents of humour in private companies were the cause of his being always a guest in convivial societies, had, by late hours and attachment to the bottle, brought himself into a dropsy; insomuch that the faculty, one and all, agreed nothing could save him but tapping. After much persuasion he consented to the operation, and his surgeon and assistants arrived with the necessary apparatus. Bob was got out of bed, and the operator was on the point of introducing the trocar into the abdomen, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he bid the doctor stop. 'What, are you afraid?' says the surgeon. 'No,' says the other, 'but upon recollection it will not be proper to be tapped here, for nothing that has been *tapped* in this house ever *lasted long*.'

SIR WILLIAM B——.

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, 'Sir,' says he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities!' 'Well, sir, said the farmer. ''I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, he only grew the *greater calf* for that.'

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the duchess of Gordon, asked her, 'Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?' 'Oh!' said she, 'Edinburgh is a vile, dull place, I hate it.' 'Madam,' replied the gallant Barrister, 'the sun might as well say, there's a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day.'

A FINE AIR.

A bishop congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a very fine air. 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I should think it so, if I could live upon it, as well as in it.'

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat in a box to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er;
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
'Now, William,' says he, 'you see the plain case,
Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good place.'
'Drink water!' quoth William, 'had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
'Tis soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.'

THE SADDLE SET ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

As a Peruvian, who, deeply involved in debt, was walking in the street with a very melancholy air, one of his acquaintance asked him, why he was so sorrowful. 'Alas,' said he, I am in a state of insolvency.' 'Well,' said his friend, 'if that is the case, it is not you but your creditors who ought to wear a woeful countenance.'

BOSWELL AND JOHNSON.

It was a constant custom with Mr. Boswell to frequent the coffee-houses, from whence he would repair to the doctor's lodgings, and report to him the news of the day. In one of these morning rambles, he had the extreme mortification to peruse several scurrilous paragraphs directed against a late publication to his friend. He purchased the papers, and hurrying to the doctor's apartment, acquaint-

ed him with the circumstance. 'Well, sir,' said the doctor, 'and what have they said respecting me?' Mr. Boswell instantly proceeded to the perusal of the paragraphs in question. The doctor having heard him to an end, replied peevishly, 'So, sir, this is what they say with regard to myself. Do you know what is said of you;' Mr. Boswell having answered in the negative, 'Why then, I will tell you, sir,' resumed the doctor. 'They say that I am a mad dog, and you are a tin cannister tied to my tail.'

A COMPLIMENT.

Extempore by Lord Lyttleton to Lady Brown.

When I was young and debonnaire,
The brownest nymph to me was fair;
Now I am old and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is *Brown*.

A WISE PRINCE.

King James II. having a wish to converse with Waller, the poet, went for him one afternnon, and took him into his closet, where was a very fine picture of the Princess of Orange. The king asked his opinion of the picture, on which Waller said, he thought it extremely like the greatest woman that ever lived in the world. 'Whom do you call so? said the king. 'Queen Elizabeth,' replied the other. 'I wonder, Mr. Waller,' said the king, 'that you should think so; for she owed all her greatness to her council, and that indeed it must be admitted was a wise one.' 'And pray, sir,' said Waller, 'did your majesty ever know a fool choose a wise council?'

AMAZONS.

A lady, who is a strong advocate for the rights of women, being lately engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, asserted, that an army of women would be in every respect competent to take the field against an army of men, adding, 'Suppose I were the commander of 10,000 women, each of whom had a military education, and you of 10,000 men, how would you get an advantage that you might not have in an equal degree over men?' 'Madam,' replied he,

I would keep from a general engagement—I would make propositions of peace, and during the treaty, the male and female officers and soldiers must frequently meet to settle the conditions, and at the end of eight or nine months, when all of you ought to be in the field, *you would be in the straw.*'

GRACE AFTER DINNER, AT A MISER'S.

Thanks for this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness:
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef:
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

WAR OR PEACE.

A very thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, 'Oh, it is entirely owing to the war.' 'Oh, no,' cried the manager, 'it is actually owing to the *piece.*'

A RONDEAU.

By *two black eyes* my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was so undone:
To Celia with my suit I came,
But she regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward the same
By *two black eyes.*

THE WORKS OF AN ENGLISH MINISTER.

On four windows in succession on the ground floor, in a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window, in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks, which denoted where the windows had been, 'Pitt's Works, vol. 1. vol. 2. vol. 3. vol. 4.'

CUT FOR CUT.

A gentleman at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspi-

cious fellow stood rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it; and, drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear and cut it off close to his head. 'Murder! murder!' cries the thief. 'Robbery! robbery!' cries the gentleman.—Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, 'There are your tags and buttons.' 'Very well,' says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, '*there is your ear.*'

MR. LOCKE.

Locke humorously describes the misery of the school-boy who is to write a theme, and having nothing to say, goes about with the usual petition, in these cases, to his companions—'Pray give me a *little sense.*'

EPIGRAM.

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Baskettt, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the bible to steal;
But judge my surprise, when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face!*

VOLTAIRE.

When *a candle* burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phænomenon. The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is concerned in the composition, and the elements that in-

flame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child or a fool may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty atchievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*, and there is no other between the two cases.

CURIOUS CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN SOME TIME AGO.

The French unite every extreme of conduct; they have virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses seemingly incompatible. They are *effeminate*, yet *brave;* insincere, yet honourable; hospitable not benevolent; vain, yet subtle; splendid, not generous; warlike, yet polite; plausible, not virtuous; mercantile, yet not mean; in *trifles serious*, in *danger gay; women* at the *toilet*, *heroes* in the *field;* profligate in heart, yet decent in their conduct; *divided* in *opinion*, but *united* in *action;* weak in manners, but strong in principle; *contemptible* in *private* life, and *formidable* in *public*.

CLAUDE SANGUIN.

Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and chearfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet, when reviewing my mis'ries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear,)
Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year;*
Hence *one hundred thousand per day* is your pow'r,
Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour;*
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,
May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,
Of *your time fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention, which he did by saying, 'Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, '*I cannot wait.*'

VIRTUES OF PORTER.

A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccup'd out, that porter was both *meat and drink.* Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch; on which a companion who was leading him observed, that it was not only meat and drink to him, but *washing and lodging too.*

A DEFICIENCY ACCOUNTED FOR.

An Oxford vintner complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large stock very lately. 'No wonder,' says the fellow, 'no wonder! for all those that were *full measure* you have broken; and all those that were *not full measure* the scholars have broken.'

AN INNKEEPER'S REGRET.

Joseph II. emperor of Germany, travelling in his usual way, without his retinue, attended by only a single aide-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept an inn in the Netherlands. It being fair time, and the house rather crowded, the host, ignorant of his guest's quality, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which they readily complied with; and after eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest, and in the morning paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours afterwards, several of his suite coming to enquire after him, and the publican understanding the rank of his guest, appeared very uneasy. 'Psha! psha! man,' said one of the attendants, 'Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think no more of it.' 'But I shall,' replied the land-

lord; 'for I can never forget the circumstance, nor forgive myself neither, for having had an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and sixpence.*'

A ROYAL PHYSICIAN.

King Henry VIII. hunting in Windsor forest, struck down about dinner-time to the abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself as one of the royal guards, he was invited to the abbot's table. A *sirloin* of beef was set before him (so knighted, says tradition, by the same monarch), on which he laid to as lustily as any *beef-eater.* 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot, 'and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace, your master. I would give a hundred pounds could I feed as heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my poor queazy stomach will scarcely digest the wing of a chicken.' The king heartily pledged him, thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed undiscovered. Shortly after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to the Tower, kept a close prisoner, and fed on bread and water, terrified all the time at his situation. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which his empty stomach made him feed most voraciously. In the midst of his repast, he was astonished at seeing the king come from a private closet, where he had placed himself to be an invisible spectator of the scene. 'My lord,' quoth he, 'instantly deposit your hundred pounds, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your queazy stomach; and here, as I deserve it, I demand my fee.' The abbot paid the money, glad to escape so easily.

AN EMBARRASSMENT.

Notwithstanding lord Rochester was the most debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. 'My lords,' said he, 'I rise this time —My lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My lords, if ever I attempt to *branch* in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off *root and branch* for ever.'

GOLD AND PAPER.

At a fashionable whist-party, a lady having won a rubber of 20 guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket book and tendered 21l. in bank notes. The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of her head, 'In the *great houses* which I frequent, sir, we always *use gold*.' 'That may be, madam,' replied the gentleman, 'but in the *little houses* which I frequent we always *use paper*.'

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.

At the close of an election for Lewis, the late Duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. 'My dear friend, I love your dearly! You are the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! what can I do for you?' 'May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old, I would beg to succeed him as soon as he shall die.' 'Aye, that you shall with all my heart. I wish for your sake that he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend; be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to court, if I am not at court, never rest until you find me out, the *sanctum sanctorum* or any place shall not be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.' The caster swallowed every thing with extacy, and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith, for the death of the exciseman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning.—The king of Spain had, about this time been seized with a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses he would not survive. Amongt these the duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste; as soon as the death of his Catholic Majesty should have

been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to rest, till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber, who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, 'Yes, his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came. 'Ah, God bless him. I knew that the duke always told me, I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up.' The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and in the transport of his joy, cried out, 'My Lord he is dead at last,' 'That is well my dear friend, I am glad of it with all my soul; when did he die?' 'The morning before last, and please your grace,' 'What so lately? Why my worthy good creature you must have flown, the lightning itself could not have travelled half so fast as you. Tell me, my best of men how I shall reward you?' 'All I ask for in this world is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him.' 'You blockhead! you king of Spain; what family pretensions can you have? Let us look at you.' By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment.

THE SINGLE-SPEECHED PARROT.

There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, 'What doubt is there of that?' He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, 'Are you worth 100 rupees?' The parrot answered, 'What doubt is there of that?' The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say: ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, 'I was a fool to buy this bird.' The parrot exclaimed as usual, 'What doubt is there of that?'

PUN ON A ROBBERY.

A thief, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bye-

stander was asked, what was the matter. 'Nothing replied he: a poor fellow has only *taken a cup too much.*'

UNFORTUNATE EQUIVOQUE.

A woman being brought before a justice for keeping a house of ill-fame, denied the charge in the face of many evident proofs. 'I must commit you, woman,' exclaimed his worship, very angrily; 'you do keep a brothel, and I will *maintain* it.' 'Thank your worship,' replied the woman; 'you were always one of my *best friends.*'

NAVAL WEDDING.

A few days ago, a sailor went to a church, a short distance from town, to be married. The clergyman, during the ceremony, requested the bridegroom to kneel; which he positively refused, saying he never did, and never would, *worship a woman.* Upon this the minister left the church; but the sailor called to him, saying, he would kneel on one knee, which occasioned some curious altercation; but on his kneeling *on one knee*, and *bending* the other a little, the ceremony was performed, to the no small entertainment of all present.

PUNCH IN DISGRACE.

Lord P——, being one night at a puppet-shew, was so struck with the pleasant sallies of Punch, that he resolved to purchase him, and gave Flockton his own price for that merry wag. Next morning he wrote cards of invitation to his acquaintance, requesting their company, as he had made acquaintance with one of the merriest fellows he had ever met, and that the choice spirit would take the chair precisely at four o'clock. In consequence of these invitations his lordship had a numerous set of guests, and Punch presided. After the usual ceremonies, all being seated, his lordship was astonished, that the genius had not yet opened his mouth., 'Come, Punch,' said he, 'say a good thing,' Not a syllable in reply. 'What,' resumed his lordship, 'are you so sulky for to-day? you were facetious enough last night.' Still Punch remained silent: when at length, his lordship was so provoked and enraged at the disappointment, that he took Punch by the collar, and *kicked him down stairs.*

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

A late member of the lower house, who was as often the subject of ridicule with his friends for penury, as he was distinguished in the world for his wealth, had once, after much bating at a shop in the Strand, purchased a waistcoat uncommonly cheap. The parcel being but small, he rather chose to put it in his pocket, than give the porter of the warehouse the trouble of carrying it to his house. In his return, however, he was met by a friend, who pressed him to step into the Cocoa-tree for half an hour, to pick up the news of the day. They entered the coffee-room arm in arm; and his companion, whose curiosity, as to the parcel, had been excited by the inconvenience he had felt from it in walking by his side, jocosely exclaimed, in the presence of half a dozen loungers, 'What have you in your pocket; your wife's petticoat, or foreign dispatches?' The gentleman, who was the minister's friend, far from being confused, exposed the waistcoat; related every circumstance of the bargain; and after descanting very audibly for several minutes on the high perfection of the Manchester manufactures, vociferated, 'Can any thing be more reasonable? Can any one conceive how they could let me have it so cheap?' 'Very easily,' replied a wit in company: 'they took you for *one of the trade.*'

CONSISTENCY.

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but forty, and called upon a gentleman who was in company for his opinion: 'Cousin,' said she, 'don't you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but forty?'—I am sure madam,' replied he, 'I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for these ten years.'

THE STUDIOUS PRELATE.

A countryman had often called at a certain bishop's, and was always told, that his lordship was at his studies, and could not be disturbed, 'I wish,' replied he at last, 'the king would never make folks bishops, who have not finished their studies.'

MY WIFE AND THE PAIR OF SHOES.

A Tale.

A fellow, famous from his birth,
For witty tricks, sir, and for mirth,
Once roam'd about a country fair,
And carry'd in his hand a pair
Of shoes;
That they were water-proof he swore,
And never once had they been wore
Upon the toes.
From what he said there was no doubt
But that the shoes were very good;
Indeed he swore they'd ne'er wear out,
Let them be trode in how they would.
To hear this fellow talk and joke,
A gaping crowd soon gather'd round him,
Swallowing the very words he spoke,
For none with questions could confound him.
'Gemmen,' says he, 'I carry here
A pair of shoes for him to wear
Who will upon the gospel swear
His lawful wife he does not fear.'
Conscience, that fierce disarming pow'r,
Made many of them look quite sour,
As if the de'il possess'd them;
Indeed there was not one that could
Swear even by his flesh and blood
His rib, sir, had not dress'd him.
Again the shoes the fellow wav'd in air,
But all was disappointment and despair.
Some time elaps'd—at length a clown appear'd
Who said he nothing fear'd;
'Nothing,' the fellow cried, 'have you a wife?'
'I have, and love her as my life;
She's comely, sprightly, dresses tight and clean,
And, zooks, I think the very shoes I've seen
Will fit
Her feet.'
'You're sure,' the wag replied, 'you're speaking truth?'
'Upon my soul I an't afear'd of Ruth,'
The bumpkin cried, and with a frown
Offer'd to back his answer with a crown.

'Then swear it,' quoth the wag, 'upon this book;'
John doff'd his hat, and straight the oath he took;
And then, with simp'ring jaws, and goggle eyes,
He scratch'd his mopsy-head, and claim'd the prize.
'Take thou the shoes,' the wag replied anon,
'For thou dost certainly deserve them, John,
But to preserve them,
Let me advise you that you take
Of blacking, John, this patent cake,
And frequently, and freely use
The liquid it will make, about the shoes.'
'Odds rabbit it!' the bumpkin said,
Look'd at his bran-span coat, and scratch'd his head.
'Why, what's the matter?' gravely ask'd the wag:
'Why now I think on't, if I take the blacking,
And hap to dirt my pocket with the same;
'What then? friend John.'—'Odds clouts, my dame
Would give me what she calls a *whacking*.'
John now becomes the public butt—the wag,
Popping the shoes into a bag,
Exclaim'd,
'Go home, and let thy courage be reclaim'd,
And learn from me, my friend, it is my plan,
That any man,
Whether he lives in poverty or riches,
Before he puts these shoes upon his feet,
Shall wear, what makes the married *man* compleat,
'The *breeches*.'

DAY OF CEREMONY IN THE CITY.

The day that Mr. Atkinson stood in the pillory for perjury, the facetious Mr. Margray was asked by a countryman, while he was standing at his door in Fleet-street, what made such crowds of people flock toward the city; to which he with his usual humour replied, 'My friend, it is a *collar*-day at the corn-exchange.'

A BROAD HINT.

A person went out with an intention of dining with a gentleman, but returned soon after. His wife asked him how he had come back; he said he had a *hint* given him, that his company would be dispensed with,—the fact is, he was kicked down stairs.

OFTEN THE CASE.

A person who was considerably involved in debt, was asked how he could sleep at night. 'You should rather wonder,' said he, 'how my creditors sleep.'

LAME AND BLIND.

During the retreat of the British, last war in Holland, a soldier who had lost a leg was behind with another who had lost both eyes. As they were assisting each other in their misfortune, a cry was made that the enemy was coming up. 'Thank God!' said the latter, 'I shan't see them.' 'And I'll be damned,' said his comrade, 'if I run away from them.'

DAYS OF YORE.

Among the many duties anciently attached to the high office of Earl Marshal of England was the following, which, we think, if now put into practice, would not merely increase the business of that great officer, but would create some little bustle in the purlieus of St. James's: 'The earl marshal hath a verge to be carried before the king; whereupon the space about the king, wheresoever he be in England, containing twelve miles, is called the verge. It is his charge, and the charge of those assigned unto him, to keep the verge from harlots. The marshal shall have, from every common harlotte found within the lymittes of the house, fourpence the first day. If she be found agayne, she shall be forbidden before the steward not to enter the kynge's house, nor the queene's, nor their children's. If the thyrd time she be found, she shall be imprysoned or abjured the court; if she be found the fourth time, her hair shall be shaven; and, the fifthe tims, the upper lyp shall be cut off.'

BIRMINGHAM LIAR.

A gentlemen told his friends that he was born in Birmingham, and though he loved the country, and respected its inhabitants, yet he must in justice declare, that all people born in that town, and its vicinity, were the greatest liars in the universe. 'Then,' says a gentleman present, 'if you speak truth, you lie; and if you lie, you speak truth.'

PRINTING.—A SONG.

When learning and science were both sunk in night,
And genius and freedom were banish'd outright,
The invention of Printing soon brought all to light:
Then carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in the noble art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught art,
And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,
To carol, &c.

Tho' every composer a *galley* must have,
Yet judge not from that a composer's a slave,
For printing hath often dug tyranny's grave.
Then carol, &c.

If *correction* he needs, all mankind needs the same,
When he *quadrates* his matter, he is not to blame,
For to *justification* he lays a strong claim.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' he daily *imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
Like Nimrod he follows the *chase* all day long,
And always to him a good *slice* does belong.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' friendly to peace, yet *French canon* he loves,
Expert in his *great* and *long primer* he proves;
And with skill and address all his *furniture* moves.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' no antiquary he deals much in *coins*,
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
And to aid the republic of letters he joints.
Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids and in *medium* invites,
Tho' no blockhead he often in *foolscap* delights,
And handles his *shooting-stick* tho' he ne'er fights.
Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the stout pressmen must come,
An make use of their *balls*, their *friskets*, and *drum*,
And to strike the impression the *plattin* pull home.
Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
We're the farthest from God when the church we are near,
So in all printing *chapels*, do devils appear.
Then carol, &c.

On the press, truth, religion, and learning depends,
Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
Then my *bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend,
And carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in that noble art's praise.

THE INNOCENT PHYSICIAN.

A Persian author relates, that a lover was searching every place for a good physician to prescribe to his mistress, who was ill. He met a person who possessed a talisman, which enabled the possessor to see ghosts. On looking in it, he saw crowds of ghosts about the door of one physician, which had formerly been his patients: several others, though not so many, about the door of another doctor: at last, at one door, he saw only a *single* ghost. He immediately called on the doctor, and, with many compliments to his skill and superior practice, desired his advice. 'My superior practice!' cried the doctor: 'why, I never had but *two* patients in my life.'

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

As the late duchess of Devonshire was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, she was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her to take shelter in a small hut, where she happened not to be known. Among other topics of conversation which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman if she knew the duchess of Devonshire. 'Know her,' answered the woman, 'aye, God save her, every body has cause to know her here, there never was a better lady born.' 'I am afraid you are mistaken,' said her grace, 'from what I can understand of her, she is no better than she should be.' 'I see you are no better than you should be,' returned the poor woman; 'it would be happy for you if you were as good; but you—you'll never be worthy to wipe her shoes.' 'Then I must be beholden to *you*, for they are at present very dirty,' answered her grace. The honest cottager, perceiving her

mistake, ran to perform the office with the greatest humility, which was generously rewarded by the duchess.

SYNONOMY.

A physician having been out a shooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there was some birds there: 'and,' adds the man, 'if there are, I'll doctor them.' 'Doctor them,' says the master: 'what do you mean by that?' 'Why, kill them, sir.'

MODERATE REPRIMAND.

Henry IV. going into Madame Gabrielle's chamber, when the Duke de Bellegarde was with her, the latter hid himself under the bed. The king stopped to a collation, and happening to discover the Duke, took no notice of it except by throwing some sweetmeats that way, saying, '*every body must live.*'

EQUESTRIAN PUN.

A person meeting a friend in Hyde-park, who had been in very distressed circumstances, driving a set of dun-coloured horses in his phæton, exclaimed, 'My dear sir, I am glad to see you driving your *duns* before you.'

THINGS TO BE ADMIRED.

Madam Mara's *modesty*,
Madam Piozzi's *prudence*,
Madam Hayley's *beauty*,
Madam Graham's *taste*, and
Madam Montague's *blue stockings*.

CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residuary legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney-sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentleman of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and he humbly hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor. Sampy flatters himself, hat those ladies and gentlemen, who may favour him with

their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same *nicety* of *touch*, *dexterity* of *manner*, *precision* of *movement*, and *harmony* of *handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be-sufficiently lamented predecessor.

Among his sires
In yonder grove the druid sleeps;
But blaze, ye fires,
For in his room
A Sampy wields the broom,
And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius sweeps.

N. B. Smoky chimneys cured on count Rumford's principles. Grates fixed, and their aperient angles ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to *roast a goose*, or warm an *old maid*.

MUTUAL HINTS.

The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, says to an exciseman who came on board, 'If I were to put a half-crown-piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?' The answer was—'No, and if I had another upon my mouth I could not speak.'

A POET AND A PEER.

Southern, the poet, once wrote a dedication to John duke of Argyle. It was shewn to his grace in manuscript, and he objected to one part as too complimentary, to another as inelegant in the construction; and to another, as not belonging to the subject. On this occasion, Southern wrote the following stanzas:

Argyle, his praise when Southern wrote,
First struck out this, and then that thought;
Said, this was flattery, that a fault,
How shall the bard contrive?

'My lord, consider what you do;
He'll lose his pains and verses too,
For if the lines will not fit *you*,
They'll serve no man alive.'

A BARRISTER BEATEN WITH HIS OWN CUDGEL.

A Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was thus addressed by Mr. Wallace, advocate for the opposite party. 'How now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what are you to have for *swearing* ?' 'Please your worship,' quoth the countryman, 'if you get no more by *bawling* and *lying*, than I do by *swearing*, you will soon be in a leathern doublet as well as I am.'

A NICE POINT.

The following impromptu was written on hearing that a reverend gentleman died while his physician was writing a preseription for him.

'How couldst thou thus so hasty be, O death ?
And why be so precipitate with me ?
Why not some moments longer spare my breath,
And let *thy friend*, the doctor, get his fee.

MILITARY PREPARATION.

His grace of Richmond being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount in the kitchen, replied that he wished to accustom the captains to *stand fire.*

ON LADY MANCHESTER.

While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with *unborrow'd* blushes glow'd.

CREDIT.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to his agent for his arrears, told him that he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The agent seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, replied, that his countenance belied his complaint. 'Good, sir,' replied the

officer, 'for heaven's sake, do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on trust for these two years.'

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

When Phœbus was amorous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd, Pish! and ran straight to a wood;
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution;
For sure, to turn tree, was an odd resolution;
Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
She fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A querulous invalid was telling his physician that he, though at an advanced time of life, did not know how to manage himself. 'You know, my friend,' says the doctor, 'that a man at forty is himself either a fools or a physician.' The invalid surveyed the son of Galen, who was of that age himself, and shrewdly replied, 'Pray, doctor, may not a man be both?'

ENCOURAGEMENT OF FRANKNESS.

Some years ago, says Richardson, in his Anecdotes of Painting, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: 'I have,' says he, 'a picture of Rubens, and it is a rare good one. There is little H. the other day came to see it, and says it is *a copy*. If any one says so again, I'll *break his head*. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come, and give me *your real opinion of it?*'

TO THE CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.

Ranging a clean-swept brewhouse round,
Some rat the spacious copper found,
Its bottom strew'd with rich remains
Of fresh and sweet high-scented grains.

A brave young rat leaps boldly down,
(Like —— storming of a town,)

Whence boasting of his prey aloud,
He's follow'd by the hungry crowd:
Who cram and eat—and sport and play,
And scamper round—and, who but they?

A bridled rat, grown grey with age,
Though no less hungry, yet more sage,
Beheld how much they were delighted;
But, strongly to partake invited,
Halts on the brink, and there surveys
The dreadful gulph; then wisely says—
'I see, my friends, the prize you've got,
And almost envy you your lot;
You're vastly happy there, 'tis plain,
But how will you get back again.'

INTERESTED COMPASSION.

The celebrated duke de Roclore (the favourite wit and buffoon of Lewis XIV.) was in his person very far from being agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was aukward. Another nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into compliance. After the king had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, 'But, for heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?' 'I will tell your majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France.'

CONJUGAL ANTIPATHY.

The marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles, which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked counsellor: who, upon his return soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, from the western circuit, finding his washer-woman

had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found; and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the clothes to her, he made some inquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him an account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several serjeants, benchers, and other limbs of the law; 'Sir,' says she, 'I also wash for a namesake of your honour's.' 'A namesake of mine?' 'Yes, an please you,' says she, 'and a mighty good sort of a woman too, though she be one of the player-folks.' 'Oh! what, you wash for Mrs. Clive the actress, do you?' 'Yes, indeed, sir, and she is one of my best customers too.' 'Is she so?' replied the counsellor; 'stop, John; turn the clothes into the closet again. Here, good woman, I am sorry you had this trouble; here is half-a-crown for you; but you must not wash for me, for I will never suffer my shirt to be rubbed against her shift any more as long as I live.'

EPISCOPACY AND PRESBYTERIANISM.

An innkeeper at St. Andrew's, who kept the house where the clergy dined, both before and after the Revolution, being asked what was the difference between the one and the other, answered, 'there was not much: in the time of episcopacy, the dean used to *call boldly* for a *bottle of wine*; afterwards the *moderator whispered* the maid to fetch a *magnum bonum*.'

BLENHEIM HOUSE.

See, sir, see, here's the grand approach;
This way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made.
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
The gallery's contriv'd for walking;
The windows, to retire and walk in;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.—

Thanks, sir, cried I; 'tis very fine:
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
This is a *house*, but not a *dwelling*.

A LADY'S VALUABLES.

When the Duchess of Kingston wished to be received at the court of Berlin, she got the Russian minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian majesty; and to tell him at the same time, that her fortune was at Rome, her bank at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin. Immediately on hearing this, the king sarcastically replied, 'I beg, sir, you will give my compliments to her grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are only entrusted with the *very worst part* of her property.

WHITFIELD AND THE SAILOR.

When Whitfield first went to America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for their loose manner of living. 'You will certainly,' says he, 'go to hell.' Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you: but, believe me, I will tell you of all your wicked actions.' Upon this one of the sailors, turning to his messmate, observed, 'Aye, Jack; that's just the way at the Old Bailey; the greatest rogue always turns king's-evidence.'

ROYAL WIT.

The king, in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's pretty house on Richmond-hill; and being told it belonged to a card-maker, he observed, 'What! what! what! a card-maker! all his *cards* must have turned up *trumps*.'

A ONE-EYED WAGER.

A man with one eye laid another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost,' says the first: 'I can see *two* eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine.'

SCOTCH NOBILITY.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people? replied, 'If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you: for I had no further acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland, into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots; the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it a horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted: then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, My lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny: for I suppose so great a mon will ha' the best liquor in the *whol hous.* I was obliged,' continued Quin, 'to stay here a whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the world; for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and there were neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, many persons of great *degnaty* had frequently slept in it; and that tho' the *blonkets luked sae block*, it was *not quite four years sin* they had been washed by the countess her mother, and lady Matilda Carolina Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said, the viscount, her brother, would take particular care to *grease my boots.*'

AS IT HAPPENS.

A plasterer and his boy being employed to whitewash a house by the day, were so tedious, that tiring the patience

of the owner, he one day asked the lad, in his master's absence, when he thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied, that his master was looking out for another job; and if he found one, they should make an end of it that week.

SCOTCH TENACITY.

When the affair of Lord Melville was brought forward in the House of Commons, a gentleman mentioned in company that his lordship had quitted his place. 'Did you ever,' said a lady present, 'hear of a Scotchman quitting his place?' 'Yes, madam,' replied the gentleman, 'his *native place.*'

IMPRESSION.

A gentleman at the Rotunda, one evening, seeing some wax from a chandelier on that part of a ladies' dress, who sat next to him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it. 'Bless me, sir,' said the lady, 'what are you doing?' 'Only trying to make an impression upon you, madam,' replied he.

BON-MOT.

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its pomposity, replied, 'That it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pig-sty.'

THE UNDAUNTED TAR.

During the American war, captain Fanshaw's ship, in company with the frigate commanded by Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, was ordered to throw in some additional forces to our posts on the North River; to effect which service, they would be obliged to sail within point-blank of two of the enemy's most powerful batteries; it was the opinion of the officers, that they would be blown out of the water in attempting it; to which Fanshaw replied, 'Look you, gentlemen, we are positively ordered to convey these troops to their destination; and if that order had been to land them in hell, I would have had a thunder at the gate!'

GARTH AND DARWIN.

Is it not extraordinary, that two of our very best poets, Garth and Darwin, should have been *physicians?* I believe they have left all the *lawyers* wrangling at the turnpike of Parnassus.

SOLITUDE.

Madam de Stael considered it as a vulgar error, to suppose that freedom and comfort could be enjoyed at court or in public, where even the minute actions of our lives are observed, where our sentiments must be regulated by the circumstances of those around us, where every person assumes the right of scrutinizing our character, and where we never have the smallest of *ourselves*. 'The enjoyment of one's self (says she) can only be found in solitude. It was within the walls of the Bastile, that I first became acquainted with myself.'

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF POLAND.

His Majesty, who was always an enemy to superfluity, clearly evinced this disposition in the following instance. A shoemaker being recommended to this monarch before he left Warsaw, actually made his appearance in a suit of embroidered velvet. The king, till he was better informed, mistook the son of Crispin for one of the grandees of the kingdom, but discovering his error, dismissed him with this reproof—'That if his shoemaker wore velvet, it would require some consideration on his part, to think of some external distinction between them.'

EXPEDITION REWARDED.

Lewis the Fourteenth, who loved a concise style, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest, who was riding post; and ordering him to stop, asked hastily—'Whence come you?—Where are you going?—What do you want?'—The other, who perfectly well knew the king's disposition, instantly replied—'From Burges—to Paris—A benefice!'—'You shall have it,' replied the King, and in a few days presented him with a valuable living.

ECONOMY. TWO ANECDOTES.

Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the chancellor, loved money as well as he did, and what he *got* she saved. The purse in which the great seal is carried, is of very extensive embroidery, and was provided, during his time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal-bearer's profit; for she annually retained them herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state rooms at Wimple. So many of them were saved, that at length she had enough *to hang the state room, and make curtains for the bed!*

This same Lady Hardwicke was equally provident for the table. Sometimes it was necessary to give a dinner, but for *fish* she did not chuse to give *money*. Venison was accordingly sent up on some occasions from the park at Wimple, and this she took in her carriage to a fishmonger's at Temple Bar, exchanging it for the dainties required by her *extravagant company*.

ONE WAY TO WIPE OFF A DEBT.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, 'I am sorry for that,' said he, 'because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay.'

ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.

A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him, held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixing his eyes upon it, cried out in a faint voice, 'I cannot lend much upon it.'

WISDOM IN A MONARCH AND IN A SUBJECT.

James the First, in one of his addresses to his parliament, curiously remarks—'That wisdom in a *subject* is as inferior to wisdom in a *monarch*, as the glittering of a nail

in a horse's shoe is to the splendour of a star in the firmament!' This brilliant speech was, no doubt, a proof of his Majesty's *modesty*.'

EPITAPH ON A TRAVELLER.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
Shakespeare.

Here resteth the body of
T***** B*****,
late of Manchester,
who died on a journey through Scotland,
May 3, 1798, aged 30.
This stone was placed here
by an acquaintance,
who, after examining the *Debits* and *Credits*
of his cash account,
found a small balance in his favour.
His sickness was short, and being a stranger,
he was not troubled in his last moments
with the sight of weeping friends
but died at an inhospitable inn,
with the consent of all around him.
He left no mourner here,
save a favourite mare, which
(if the account of an hostler may be credited)
neither ate nor drank during his indisposition.
READER!
little will be said to perpetuate his memory;
the fact is—he died poor:
the whole he left behind would not buy paper sufficient
to paint half his virtues.
His chief mourner was sold by public roup,
to pay the expences of
an over-grown landlord and half-starved apothecary.
His bags at once contained
his wardrobe, patterns, and library,
consisting of
two neckcloths and a clean shirt;
with samples of
fringes, lace, lines, and tassels,
whips, webs, and whalebone;

also the following curious collection of books:
A volume of manuscript poetry,
(the offspring of his own muse)
Matrimonial Magazines,
Ovid's Art of Love—The Whole Duty of Man,
and
Plato on the Immortality of the Soul.
In a snug pocket lay
an Aberdeen note for five pounds,
and an unfinished love letter;
the latter evinced an eager desire
of a speedy marriage:
for though his *family* face was an index of an
hardened and unforgiving temper,
it was at last approved by the object of his affection,
and, if death had spared him,
though nature had been unkind,
he might have lived to have improved an *ill-favoured*
stock:
The affability of his manners,
and the susceptibility of his heart,
gave appearances the lie:
His attachment to the fair sex was notorious;
to whom he was so tenderly attentive,
that the story of a rude embrace
would have caused the 'tear of Sensibility'
to trickle from his eye.*
He was ever happy when doing good;
and his liberality bountifully extended
to the unfortunate part of the sex,
whom he always relieved to the utmost of his power;
he was, justly speaking, a friend to *all*;
an enemy to none but *himself*.
BROTHER TRAVELLER!
stop! and reflect a moment on the uncertainty of this life!
Five days are not yet passed, since he drank with glee
the well-known bumper toast;
he little thought it was
his farewel tribute to every earthly pleasure!
But his last journey being over, there is now
no riding double stages to make up lost time:

* He had only one.

nor *boxing Harry*
to make up his cast account!
who knows but *Harry* may now be *boxing* him?
The final balance
of the good and evil actions of his life is now striken!
and here he rests in hope,
that it may be found to his credit
on the judgment day,
in the grand ledger of everlasting happiness.

THE TRAGIC BARBER.

A hair-dresser, in a considerable town, lately made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy. To silence an abundant hissing, he stepped forward with the following speech: 'Ladies and gentlemen; yesterday I *dressed* you; to-night I AD*dress* you: and to-morrow, if you please, I will RE*dress* you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horse-tails, I find it easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bagatelle!* I hope I shall yet shine in the capital part of a beau, though I have not the felicity of pleasing you in the character of an emperor.'

WHICH IS WORST.

When the late Lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a schoolfellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. 'Dear me, Bobby,' says the lad, 'I would not be a butcher for all the world.' 'Why, I should not much like it,' said Clive; 'it's a dirty beggarly business; but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf?'

A HINT.

Lord Kaimes, in one of his circuits, as a lord of justiciary in Scotland, having crossed the ferry to Kingshorn, the boatman, to his lordship's surprize, refused to take any money for the service he had rendered him, in consequence of their being old acquaintances. On being desired to explain, the boatman observed that his name was Tom Clark, and that he and his wife Bet had both been tried for sheep-stealing, and if it had not been for his lordship's *jaw*, both Bet and himself had either been hanged

or transported. His lordship, smiling, bade him be more honest in future, as the consequence might be fatal to him should their acquaintance ever be renewed.

CHINA AND CROCKERY.

A lady of rank, proudly conscious of her dignity, one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility*, *gentry* and *commonality*, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china*, *delph*, and *crockery*. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, 'Hollo, *Crockery*, bring down little *China*.'

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER,

Or, The City Sportsmen.

Dear Sir,

This first of September, at five in the morn,
The weather quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
I rose from my bed, and without the least strife,
Resign'd to the arms of another—*my wife*;
Determin'd to Somnus her snorings to yield,
And join with brown Bess in the sports of the field.
My volunteer musket I clean'd over night,
And Sol in his glory look'd scarcely so bright;
My pockets with powder and shot I did cram.
And sportsmanlike too, added *chicken and ham.*
Straight I hied to the closet, and why should I not,
Since by way of a *cooler*, I like something *hot?*
Nay I ne'er yet could manage my lodgings to bilk,
So in wedlock's *rum* bands I soon joined *rum and milk.*
Then my dogs round me whistled, I think these were all,
Viz. *Fimble* and *Bounce*, little *Gypsey* and *Ball*;
With such four famous dogs, but for what I can't tell,
I expected no less than to bear off the bell;
I expected each jolly good sportsmen to beat,
And to furnish my friends with a delicate treat.

But poor borrow'd *Bounce* was so blind as a bat,
And knew not a hare from a tortoise-shell cat;
And *Gypsey*, the terrier, her mistress's boast,
Stood staunch as a pointer, at nothing but *toast*.
There was *Nimble*, the greyhound, not given to roam,
Dislik'd staying out, so then nimbly ran home.
As *Ball*, I was certain, would make the birds rise,
I kept my piece pointed direct to the skies;
Soon up rose a bird, though I cannot tell what,
For I shut both my eyes to make *sure* of the shot;
But my musket miss'd fire, a shocking disaster,
As the barking of *Ball* made the bird fly the faster.
I prim'd my piece, and I added a charge,
Determin'd the havoc next time should be large;
Again I took aim, (oh, unfortunate man!)
Again I had nought but a flash in the pan.
A third time I prim'd, and I loaded a third,
When close in the hedge a loud rustling I heard;
I listen'd, and listen'd, then heard a *soft strain*,
Methought 'twas a blackbird, 'twould warble again;
The dogs they all snuff'd sure there's nothing *behind*,
Some *scent* that attracts, and now plays on the wind;
Straight I levelled my piece, for a random-like shot,
Resolv'd what that might be, it should go to *pot*.
The trigger I pull'd, and of course shut my eyes;
But when open again, how great my surprise!
'Tis true, 'twas a Blackbird, according to *Kemble*—
'Twas the *Bird* of a Jew—then all of a tremble;
'Twas Moses the pedlar, who in greatest distress
Had crept into the hedge for what I can't guess.
Now a little collected, the pedlar upsprung,
And assail'd my two ears with his voluble tongue.
I tendered him sixpence, which he took in a huff,
As sixpence a *singe* was not money enough;
He thought for his fright and his beard I'd be willing
To give him another, so make it a shilling.
But suppose, Master Moses, no more's to be had,
I've but one tester left, and that is rank bad;
'Ish it bad?' he replied, with his neck on the crane,
'Eesh, 'tish *bad*, my *good* Sir, *but 'twill colour again*,'
Having settled with Moses, and wip'd off the score,
Such rare luck with three charges, I thought I'd try four;
'Twas a maxim, I thought, I might safely advance,
The more powder and shot, the more likely the chance.

Then with four charges quick I loaded my gun,
Prim'd and ramm'd it down tight, which I scarce could get done
Before up got a covey so delightful to view,
That I reckon'd at last on two brace for you;
For I took *such* an aim—still an unlucky elf—
That I kill'd my three dogs, and I wounded myself.
Now I think, my good Sir, in two hours or less,
I've seen plenty of service with pretty brown Bess.
Both my wife and my neighbours weep sore for my hounds,
And as sore I weep through the smart of my wounds.
Ah! they open afresh, I cannot write further,
But remain, my dear Sir, your's,

KILLING NO MURTHER.

GAME.

The late Lee Lewis, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: 'I allow no person,' said he, 'to *kill game* on my manor but my myself, and I'll *shoot you*, if you come here again.' 'What,' said the other, 'I suppose you mean to *make game* of me,'

ACCOMMODATION.

David Hume and R B. Sheridan were crossing the water to Holland, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. 'Why,' said his friend, 'that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface?'

ASTONISHING ASSURANCE.

A servant of Swifts was excusing himself by telling the dean a number of lies, when the dean stopped him short, 'Why, you impudent, confounded rascal! how dare you lie after this manner? *You* pretend to tell lies! *you* pretend to tell *me* lies! I, you rascal, who have been acquainted with all the greatest liars of the age! my lord ——, my lord ——, Mr. ——, Mr. ——. Get along, you rascal! how dare *you* tell lies?'

NO ADMISSION.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company might generally have been dispensed with, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, where he was considered as a disagreeable visitor, and not choosing to take the hint of 'My master and mistress are out,' &c. would often get admission by the following pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance. 'O! not at home!—well, I'll just step in and chat with the children,' or—'I'll have a talk with the parrot,' or—'I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the stair-case.' One morning, however, the servant was prepared, and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, in a louder tone than ordinary, 'Oh, sir? my master and mistress are both out—the children are all asleep—the parrot is dead—and the clock stands.'

RESEMBLANCE AND REPRESENTATION.

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier who had served in many embassies, said he looked like an ox. 'I know not,' said the courtier, 'what I am like; but I know that I have often had the honour to *represent* your majesty.'

DEATH OR VICTORY.

In a council of war, just before the memorable battle of Fourcroy took place, the prince of Conde, descanting on the advantages of possessing the town, was asked by the Marshal de Gassion, 'What will become of us if we lose it?' 'I do not consider that,' replied the prince; 'I shall die before that happens.'

A FOOL.

A party of young fellows having met together, the conversation turned upon their learning and education; 'Well,' said one, who was not the most witty of the party, 'there's some consolation for you, that you are not the greatest fool living.' 'True,' retorted the other, 'nor shall I be so long as you live.'

HOW FAR IS RAMSGATE BEYOND MARGATE?

A young lady having been on a visit to a friend near the sea coast of Kent, was asked her opinion of the comparative degree of merit between Ramsgate and Margate.—'Oh!' she replied, 'I think Ramsgate *far beyond* Margate.' 'Do you,' replied a person present, 'why if you go round by the Cliffs, it is not above five miles and a half.'

PETER PINDAR.

An old man, who had a young wife of reputed gallantry, asked Peter in what part of the body the skin was the thickest? received this answer: 'It must undoubtedly be the forehead; for otherwise, you would already have horns.'

LEAVE ME ALONE.

'Leave me alone,' said a young lady to a gentleman, who was romping with her. 'Never,' he replied, 'my dear, till I die, will I *leave you a loan.*'

A LONG NAP.

A gentleman wearing a remarkably shabby coat, was asked by his friend, how he could possibly think of putting on a coat, which was so completely thread-bare, that it must have been some years since it had had a *nap?* 'I beg your pardon,' replied the other; 'for it has been laying in my wardrobe for four years till yesterday, and the devil's in it if that is not long time enough to have a good *long nap!*'

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

Lord Strangford once asked a clergyman, at the bottom of his table, why a goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson. 'Really,' said he, 'I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose without thinking of *your lordship.*'

A TREAT.

A Lord Lieutenant going over to Ireland with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by so violent a storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every instant that she would either founder or go ashore. At this juncture a sailor observing one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin door, came up to him, and asked him if ever he had *lain* with the duchess? 'No,' says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery, in such a dangerous time. 'Why then,' says the tar, 'you have that pleasure to come; for by G--d, we shall all *lie* with her grace in less than half an hour.' The duke, who overheard this, when the storm abated, and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke for the sake of the jest.

SUPERFLUITIES OF LIFE.

A lawyer and physician lately much obstructed the hilarity of a very jovial company, by introducing a long-winded conversation on the superfluities of life, and how many were its needless wants. A merry fellow, vexed to be thus annoyed, exclaimed, 'Very true, gentlemen: I am myself an example of the justness of your remark, having lived all my life without *wanting* either a *lawyer* or a *physician*.'

A CLERICAL REPARTEE.

In a chapel not quite a hundred miles on the other side of Blackfriar's-bridge, a few Sundays since, when the psalm was given out, the clergyman begged the clerk, in handing round the music to the singers, to say, he wished the gentlemen not to get into the lady's *parts*: The clerk with great readiness enquired if he meant for the *whole night*. 'Oh! no,' replied the reverend gentleman, 'when the parts are suited to each other, then they may enter into them in a proper way.'

THE MAYOR AND THE GENERAL.

A general who was very fond of a witty reply, hearing that the mayor of a neighbouring town was celebrated for

his readiness at a retort, paid him a visit, and was received with every mark of distinction. Though the general found him to be a very modest man, yet he felt dissatisfied at not witnessing any of those flashes of wit, which were attributed to him. After dinner, the general asked him, 'Pray, where is the mayor?' 'I am the mayor, at your service, sir,' was the answer. 'You mistake me,' resumed the general, 'I mean a certain convenience, which in many places is called the *mayor*.' 'Very natural,' says he, 'that we should mistake each other, sir, for here we call it the *general*.'

BON MOT

Bonaparte was lately admiring a fine horse: among other questions he asked if he never started? 'No,' said the owner, 'not even in his sleep.'

PETER PINDAR.

A person disputing with Peter Pindar, said, in great heat, that he did not like to be thought a scoundrel. 'I wish,' replied Peter, 'that you had as great a dislike to *being* a scoundrel.'

LORD THURLOW.

Lord J——y meeting Lord Thurlow, and seeing him in a deep reverie, asked him what he was thinking of. He immediately answered, 'I was counting the cuckolds that passed by as I stood; your lordship makes the twentieth.

DUCHESS OF GORDON.

A certain cit who has suddenly risen into wealth, by monopolies and contracts, from a very low condition of life, stood up in the pit of the opera with his hat on: The Duchess of Gordon whispered to a lady: 'We must forgive that man, he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat, that he does not know when to pull it off.'

THE TWO TAILORS.

Mr. W. an eminent taylor, near St. James's-street, being at Newmarket races, by some accident rent a great hole

in his coat; he accordingly went in search of a tailor to *fine draw it*; but Snip going so awkwardly about it, Mr. M. lost all patience, and taking the thimble and needle from him, applied himself to the job so dextrously that the poor Knight of the Shears exclaimed, 'Damn it, sir, if you had not been a gentleman, I could have swore you had been a tailor.'

KINDNESS.

Lord Holland assured a young lady that he would do any thing to serve her. 'If I were poor and necessitous,' said the lady, 'I make no doubt but you would express yourself in different terms.' 'Indeed, Madam, I would not,' replied his lordship, 'for if you were I *naked*, would *serve you*.'

PRAGMATICAL PARSON.

Suett being in company where there was a little pragmatical parson, who contradicted every body, exclaimed, 'Oh, never mind him! he is only a little *P* with a *ars-on*.'

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Miss S——, a dashing Cyprian, in dancing at a masquerade at the Opera-house, happened to trip and fell flat on her back; Lord Sandwich, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, 'Never mind it my pretty dear, practice makes perfect.'

A LOOKING-GLASS.

A spark being brought before a magistrate, on a charge of horse stealing, the justice the moment he saw him, exclaimed, 'I see a villain in your countenance.' 'It is the first time,' said the prisoner, very coolly, 'that I knew my countenance was a *looking-glass*.'

COOKE.

Cooke who has once or twice been a common soldier, since he first appeared on the stage, and served in the American war, appeared dreadfully frightened a few mi-

nutes previous to an engagement; upon which a soldier, by way of *consolation*, exclaimed, 'Cheer up, comrade, for you're going to see a most glorious *bloody tragedy*.'

MRS. PIOZZI.

On the marriage of Mr. Thrale, a well-known satirist, wrote the following lines:

Question.

Whether 'twas *love of fame* or *love of ale*,
The wife obtain'd th' *entire* by marrying *Thrale*,
But when a *second husband fann'd* the fire,
Say, did the Indian nuptials give the *entire*?

Answer.

The wife gave her hand at the altar to *Thrale*,
For something she lov'd—and it might be *good ale*;
Then married a second, with wishes not fewer,
Who wanted *that something* possess'd by the brewer.
The answer is this, to the question you put,
She found one *entire*, and the other *all but*.

A RAMBLE TO THE DEVIL.

The Rev. Mr. Whitfield once preaching in the tabernacle, in the middle of his sermon stopped short and said, 'Perhaps, my friends, you may think *I ramble*; but if you *will* ramble to the devil I *must* ramble after you.'

WEWITZER.

Wewitzer, remarking on the heavy taxes which the minister had imposed upon all strong liquors, said, 'that his measures had an evident tendency to *lower the spirits* of the country.'

A BON MOT.

Some thieves met a man, and, after robbing him, bound him and laid him under a hedge; they presently after met another man, whom they also bound, and laid on the other side of the hedge. The first presently exclaimed,

with an heart-rending sigh, 'Oh! I'm undone, I'm undone;' upon which the other bawled out, and desired he would come and undo him also.

LINES

On visiting the Signal Station, Little Cornhill, near Dover Castle.

The curse to France and numerous nations given;
The scourge of man, the rod of angry heav'n.
Soon may that tyrant's mad ambition cease,
And British victory bring an early peace!
Till then we'll struggle our blest isle to save,
Or find, amidst its ruins—Glory's grave.

MERIT.

Mr. George Rose, when Secretary of the Treasury, being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit, with much simplicity retorted, '*Did merit promote me?*'

ANECDOTE OF A CITIZEN.

A certain citizen being told it *blew a hurricane* at Margate, shrewdly observed, 'Aye, my wife has been there these three weeks.'

A TAX EVADED.

A miser, who was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said, 'that the union was attended with a double advantage, it saved him not only the expence of a wife, but the tax on a servant.'

HORSEMANSHIP.

An officer of one of the ships at Spithead, having occasion to send to his country-house in great haste, a few days since, dispatched a sailor on horseback with a letter, who after delivering it, and being refreshed, and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return, a bye-stander observed to him that he was putting on the saddle the hind part before, the sailor replied, 'how do you know which way I am going to ride.'

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

Says Pontius, in rage, contradicting his wife,
'You never yet told me truth in your life.
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow—
You're a cuckold,' says she; 'do I tell you truth now?'

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

A person who had just taken a house in a country town, purchased a loaf of a neighbouring baker, which proved very brown and indifferent bread, upon enquiring about it, he was informed it was *household* bread. 'That may be,' he replied, 'but never again shall my *house-hold* it.'

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Some years ago, when Admiral Digby's fleet returned, an old man meeting the young prince William Henry, begged a shilling, and said he would pray to heaven for him. The prince turned round, 'There's a guinea for you,' says he, 'but keep your prayers to yourself, we sailors never put our money out to account.'

MRS. HARRIS.

The P——— of W——— is known to have christened the Duke of Queensbury Old Tick. The cause was truly this: the prince observing the old duke gallanting at the opera, with Mrs. Harris, the fruit woman, pleasantly asked her, if she was not afraid of consequences? 'Oh, no,' said the fat handmaid of Pomona, 'his Grace may *tick*, but he can't *strike*.'

DR. PARR.

Dr. Parr is not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman *a fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of this usage to the bishop. 'Do,' said the doctor, 'and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you.'

A PRESENT RETURNED.

Louis XI. when young used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The King, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village hearing this liberality, thought within himself: 'If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present his majesty with a handsome horse, and my fortune is made.' Arriving at court, he requested the King's acceptance of one. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed, 'Bring me my turnip!' and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, 'There, this cost me a hundred crowns, I give it you in return for your horse.'

ADULTERY.

A Shandean Fragment.

'It is a shame—it is a disgrace to our laws—to our manners—to our religion,' exclaimed Yorick, with more than usual elevation of tone. My father waked him from his reverie, and expected, from the earnestness of Yorick, an elaborate disquisition on the laws, manners, or religion. He drew with great complacency of look, and much inquisitiveness of aspect, his chair towards that of Yorick, who pointed with his finger to several paragraphs in the paper, which he had been reading, dated from Doctor's Commons. My father surveyed them with calmness, or rather indifference. My father had been long married, and the subject of adultery was one of those few speculations which had never agitated his pericranium, or produced one eloquent speech, or one pointed observation. My father, besides the inconvenience of the hip-gout, was never, as my mother used to relate, a very fond lover. He had never written sonnets to praise her charms, or elegies to deplore her cruelty. My father had only written his name to the marriage articles. These valuable MSS.

he had all the morning been employed in perusing, or dandling on his knee before the fire-side. On Yorick's exclamation, my father, in hopes of some fresh subject, put them hastily into his pocket. 'The many examples,' repeated Yorick, smiling at the time of non-chalance, of my father, who had now placed his left leg on the top bar of the grate, a posture which betrayed a most unseemly fissure in his lower vestment, 'are a disgrace to the religion we profess.'---'In your church, Mr. Yorick,' said Dr. Slop, sitting upright in his chair, and in a very professional voice, 'marriage is not one of the communions, and therefore the immorality of the breach of the vow,' ---continued Dr. Slop, with somewhat less fluency than before---'is not so great, as with you marriage has more of a civil nature.'---'The parties,' replied Yorick, 'in our church, approach the altar, and, in the sight of God and man, vow eternal fidelity to each other, and therefore I conceive the adulterer of either side forfeits all claim.'---'To a separate maintenance,' observed my father very quickly, who had for some time resumed the perusal of his marriage articles.---'And the children, you know, Mr. Yorick---' continued my father very scientifically. 'Poor dear little things, and are they included in the guilt of either sinner?' asked my uncle Toby, whilst a big tear stood in his eye, and his bosom heaved with convulsive pity. Mrs. Wadman's bewitching looks came across my uncle Toby's imagination. Her age, which had not passed the probability of being a mother, and her vivacity, which had created certain doubts and apprehensions in the bosom of an old batchelor with a wound in his groin, all rushed at the same time upon his reservoir of ideas, and the tone of his voice was so elegiac, and the mode of putting the question so very energetic, that my father's sportive fancy was immediately on tiptoe; he rubbed the right side of his nose with great rapidity, and stifling a smile, he approached my uncle Toby's chair, and looking at him with great earnestness,---'My dear brother has then *the late* Mrs. Wadman done us the honour?---'*The late!*' repeated my uncle Toby with great surprise. My father drew his inference, and resumed his chair and studies in perfect composure.

A PUN WITH A POINT TO IT.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman, well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-park-corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the Honourable Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest, spoke of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as *this Penn* had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. 'It is so,' said her grace; 'but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body *cuts*, but nobody *mends*.'

A PICK-POCKET.

A physician at Bath, paying his last visit to a patient who was just expiring, and no attendant being in the way, the sick man bade the doctor put his hand into his pocket and take out his fee. 'But,' says he gaily, 'would not that be like picking your pocket, my friend?'—'Very like indeed,' faltered out the dying patient.

A FAULT IN CANDLES.

Ralph Wewitzer, ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of, as they were as good as he could make. 'Why,' says Ralph, 'they were very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would not burn any *longer*.'

BREAD TO THE SEA.

A party of noblemen being assembled in a coffee-house, a dispute arose respecting some nautical phrases, on which it was agreed to refer the matter in a note to a lieutenant who was then in the house. One of the noblemen undertook the office of secretary, and wrote a note, beginning thus, 'Pray, sir, as you was *bread* to the sea, &c.' The lieutenant answered thus, 'My Lord, I never was *bread* to the sea, but the sea has been *bread* to me, and hard bread it has been.'

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

Foote having been invited to dine with the late Duke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following account of this entertainment: 'As to splendour, as far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate; and if a man could have swallowed a silversmith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him; but as to all the rest—his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, every thing was *cold* except his *ice*; and every thing *sour* except his *vinegar*.'

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

An officer and a lawyer talking of the disastrous battle of Anerstadt, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on this occasion, when the lawyer observed, that those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword.—'By a similar rule,' answered the officer, 'those who live by the law must expect to die by the law.'

REPARTEE.

One day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry, whilst he discharg'd
A thief from jail. 'Go work,' he said,
'Go pr'ythee learn some better trade,
Or, mark my words, you'll rue it.'
'My *trade's* as good,' replies the knave,
'As any man need wish to have;
And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,
The fault sir, lies with *you*, not me—
You won't let me pursue it.'

DOCTOR MONSEY.

Doctor Monsey once going along Oxford-market, observed a poor woman with a big belly at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, 'one penny a pound,' thinking, no doubt, it was too good for her. 'Weigh that piece of beef,' said the

doctor. 'Ten pounds and a half,' said Mr. Butcher. 'Here, good woman,' cried the doctor, 'hold up your apron, and take that beef home to your family.' 'God bless your honour!'—'Go off, directly—home: no compliments! Here, Mr. Butcher,' says the doctor, 'give me change out of this shilling for that poor woman's beef.' 'What do you mean, sir?' replied the butcher. 'Mean sir! why to pay for the poor woman's beef what you asked her, a penny a pound. Come, make haste, and give me three halfpence; I am in a hurry.' 'Why, sir,——' said the butcher. 'No why sirs with me,' says the doctor, 'give me my change instantly, or I will break your head.' The butcher again began to expostulate, and the doctor struck him with all his force with his cane. A number of butchers had by this time gathered around him. The doctor told the story, and they could not refrain from laughing at their brother steel. The butcher vowed he would summon the doctor before the court of conscience. The latter gave the man his address, but never got his change, or heard any more of his butcher.

A TWISTED PUN.

A buck being taken before a justice that was rather crooked, after the other witnesses were examined, 'What have you to say?' said the justice. 'Nothing at all,' replied the spark, 'for I see *you are all on one side.*'

A FIRE.

The present Mr. Bannister passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, enquired whose it was? being told it was a hatter's, 'Oh!' then rejoined he, 'the loss was *felt.*

THE SEAMAN'S RESOLUTION.

Sir Charles Wager had a sovereign contempt for physicians, though he believed a surgeon in some cases, might be of service. It happened that Sir Charles was seized with a fever while he was out upon a cruise; and the surgeon, without much difficulty, prevailed upon him to lose

a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid on his back; by and by it was thought necessary to lay on another blister, and repeat the bleeding, to which Sir Charles also consented: the symptoms then abated, and the surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few bolusses, and take a draught. 'No, *Doctor*,' says Sir Charles, '*you shall batter my hulk as long as you will, but d--n me, you sha'nt board me.*'

PERVERSION OF LANGUAGE.

A Jack tar having been long in a French prison, was asked, on his return, whether he had not got a smattering of their lingo? 'No,' replied Jack, 'they call things be wrong names; they call a *horse* a *shovel*, and a *hat* a *chopper*.'

A NEW PARISH.

A certain field preacher, in explaining to his congregation the nature of hell, told them he had lived there eleven months. 'It is a great pity,' said one of his hearers, 'that you did not stay there a month longer, for then you would have gained a *legal settlement*.'

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends that were present, expressed some surprise that he had not more to leave. 'Why,' said the veteran, 'I do not leave much, but what I do leave, was honestly acquired, for it never cost the sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing.'

CAPE HORN.

The King being told that Lord L——, who had made one unfortunate match, was just married to Lady Mary H——, observed, that his Lordship was in a fair way to *double Cape Horn*.

FEMALE BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

A noble personage enraptured with Miss Fisher's representation of Little Pickle, (in the Spoiled Child) exclaimed, 'There was no girl of her age like her.' 'I engage Sir,' replied a friend, 'there is not a ladies' boarding school in the kingdom that has not a *Spoiled Child* in it.'

GRETNA-GREEN EXTORTION.

When the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he married, still retaining a paternal taste for parsimony, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the rivetter at Gretna-Green, stating, that Capt. —— had reported the canonical charge to be only five shillings!—'True,' replied Vulcan; 'but Capt.—— is an Irishman, and I have already married him five times, so I consider him as a good customer; but, perhaps, I may never see your face again.'

JUDICIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE.

The deceased Count Bib, one night at the Cyder cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning?---Bib good-humouredly replied, 'Going, to be sure; for when you *return, I sha'nt be with you.*'

THE KING.

The latter end of March, 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the King, and, with a very low bow, begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag hounds *turned out.* 'I cannot exactly answer that,' replied the King, 'but I can inform you, that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago.' The Marquis Caermarthen succeeded him.

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND VOLTAIRE.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him :—'My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?' 'Upon my word,' replied his Lordship with his usual presence of mind, 'I am no connoisseur in *paintings*.' Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on his shoulder, saying, 'Sir, take care you are not captivated.' 'My Lord,' replied the French wit, 'I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.'

HAT AND WIG.

A fellow, walking down Holborn-hill, on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning upon a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter? 'Sir,' says the old man, 'an impudent rascal has just snatched my hat off and ran away with it; I have run after him until I have quite lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther.' 'What, not a step?' says the fellow. 'Not a step,' returned he. 'Why, then, by Jupiter, I must have your wig,' and, snatching off his fine flowing caxon, the thief was out of sight with it in a minute.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A poulterer of some eminence at the west end of the town, who was ever conspicuous for wearing his apron, lately called on a quack doctor, famous for the cure of a certain disorder, with his bill for poultry. At the time the tradesman went, the vender of pills was busily engaged in examining patients. However, casting his eyes on a strange visitor, he very loudly and modestly called out to

the poulterer in these words: '*Off with your apron, and down with your b——s!*' The chicken-merchant smiled at the singularity of the salutation, though he immediately discovered the doctor's error, and, after a momentary pause, politely presented Mr. Bolus his bill, at the same time told him the only business he had now with him, was to obtain pecuniary relief.

INFLEXIBILITY.

Dr. Pearce, the Dean of Ely, when he was master of the Temple, having to preach there one morning, preferred a walk in the gardens to sitting in the church while the prayers were reading, and going to the gardener's lodge, demanded entrance. An old woman, who was keeping the house in the gardener's absence, told him the gates were always locked in church-time, and she could not let him in. 'Woman, do you know who I am?' said the doctor, bridling.—'No,' said she, with great indifference, 'I don't know, and what's more, I don't care.' 'Woman,' retorted the doctor, in a rage, 'open the gate instantly——I am Master of the Temple.' 'The more shame for you,' replied the inflexible porteress, 'the more shame for you to be walking here, when you ought to be praying at church.'

ROYAL BON-MOT.

A certain lord of his Majesty's bed-chamber, not being able to exercise his retentive faculties, *a posteriore*, so as to protect the olfactory nerves, was once pressed as usual by some wind in the colon; after wriggling and writhing for some time, the persecuted peer at length jumped up, and ran behind the window curtain, where having trumped out, immediately resumed his chair. His Majesty happening to be near, gently tapped the peer on the shoulder, and significantly said, 'R——, the next time you are so pressed, f—t in your chair, and stink behind the curtain.'

WALKING FOR A HUNDRED.

A gent. who had been looking over some valuable rings the other day, at a fashionable jeweller's, literally walked

away with one the value of a hundred guineas. The poor goldsmith vainly attempted to overtake him, on the full run, and calling out, 'Stop thief,' as loud as possible. A person who heard the hue-and-cry, and was observing the amazing rate at which our pedestrian kept moving, would have stopped him as the thief alluded to, but he was intimidated by the gent's appearance, and his vociferating--' keep off, I am *walking for a hundred*.'

THE DINNER-HUNTERS.

Two dinner-hunters meeting in Pall-Mall a short time back, one enquired of the other how he had been for some days. He replied, 'In a very poor way indeed, I have not been able to eat any thing at all.' 'God bless me,' said his hungry friend, 'that is extremely strange, you generally have a very good appetite, you must have been seriously ill.' 'Oh! not at all, believe me, you misconceive my meaning, I *could* have eat, but the reason why I have not been *able* to do so, is, *that no one has admitted me to dinner*.'

GOING TO HEAVEN.

Frederic the Great being once engaged in a religious discourse with a bishop, the topic at last turned upon the happiness of non-believers in religion. The bishop found that doctrine to be uncommonly uncertain and delusive while the King only smiled at his arguments. 'Let that be as it may,' resumed Frederick, after some altercation, 'when you, my dear bishop, are going to heaven, I shall creep under your robes, and steal in.' 'That will be impossible,' rejoined the bishop, 'for I am apprehensive that your majesty will be considered as contraband, and I myself should then be refused admittance.'

SIMPLICITY.

A West-Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro-boy, who was in waiting, observed a musquito hovering about his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively, at last he saw him alight upon his

master's nose, and immediately fly off again. 'Ah, dam you heart,' exclaimed the negro, 'me dam glad to see you *burn you foot.*'

BON-MOT.

A nobleman advising lately his son to keep inferior people at a distance; a tradesman, who overheard the admonition, replied,—'I am sorry, my Lord, you did not give the young gentleman this advice before he got so deeply into my books.'

FALSE-FRIEND.

A gentleman, under very pressing circumstances, applied a few days since to another, who had often proffered his service, for the loan of a small sum. The latter excused himself, on the ground that he had taken the oath never to become bail or lend money. 'Then Sir,' replied the former, 'crown your oath with another,—never more to profess friendship.'

HONESTY.

A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty, 'What is that to you? meddle with those things that concern you.'

THE WAR.

A woman in Lancashire being lately told that tallow was risen on account of the war. 'Dang it, said she, 'why then I suppose they have ta'en to fighting by *candle-light.*'

OPPOSITE QUALITIES.

A corpulent baronet, who piques himself upon his agility, exclaimed the other day, in a tone of exultation to a witty friend, 'It is strange, Tom, that I should be so uncommonly active, is it not?' 'It only proves,' answered the wit drily, 'that two opposite qualities are combined, the *form* of the *bear*, with the *alertness* of the *monkey.*'

IRELAND.

An etymologist having observed that Ireland meant a land of *Ire*, 'Nay,' said a cockney, '*Hireland* means a *land of slavery*.'

THE WIG-BLOCK.

A barber was lately brought before a justice, on a charge of having stolen a wig block. In his defence, he confessed to the magistrate, that he had no occasion to steal one, as his worship himself knew that the parish *abounded with wig-blocks*.'

RECOLLECTION.

Mr. Sheridan told Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the spring was not very promising, he added—'I would to God the spring would look like you.'

DEUCE AND TRAY.

Charlotte Smith was walking along Piccadilly a few days ago, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in sudden contact with her shoulder, and dirtied her dress. 'The deuce take the tray,' exclaimed she, in a pet: '*Ah, but the deuce can't take the tray*,' replied young rumpsteak, with the greatest gravity.

A GOOD REASON.

A married man going on a journey, being asked by a friend his reason for leaving his wife behind him, he replied, 'because I had her *before me* long enough.'

BON-MOT.

A lady seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him that he must be in a very great hurry to run so fast. 'Madam,' replied the lover, 'I was *following* my inclination.'

ANCIENT FAMILY.

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family:—'So much the worse for you,' said the peasant, 'as we ploughmen say, '*The older the seed, the worse the crop.*'

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

One day when Mark Antony was indulging himself in his favourite amusement of angling, he had very bad success; this circumstance mortified him extremely, as the queen was of the party, and he was unwilling to seem to want address in her presence; he therefore ordered some fishermen to dive secretly under water, and fasten to his hook some of the largest fishes they could take: his command was punctually obeyed, and Cleopatra affected much surprise at his extraordinary fortune, but, being perfectly apprised of the artifice, she caused one of her own people to dive under water, and fasten to the triumvir's hook a large dry fish, of that kind, which was brought from the Euxine sea into Egypt. When Antony drew up his line, his embarrassment afforded much diversion to the company; but Cleopatra embracing him, advised him to leave the angling line to the Egyptians, and direct his thoughts to the reduction of cities and kingdoms.'

JOHN TAYLOR.

This author had the merit of interrupting the servile etiquette of kneeling to the King. I myself, (says the water poet,) gave a book to King James once, in the great chamber at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The Duke of Richmond said merrily to me: 'Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the King a book and not kneel?'—'My lord,' said I, 'if it please your grace, I do *give* now; but when I *beg* any thing, then I will kneel.'

'An hostess of mine at Oxford,' says he, 'roasted a shoulder of a ram, which in the eating was as tough as a buff jerkin. I asked her why the mutton was so tough.

She said, she knew not, unless the butcher deceived her in the age of it. 'Nay,' quoth I, 'there is, I think, another fault in it, which will excuse the butcher, for, perhaps, you roasted it with old wood.' 'In truth,' replied she, 'that is likely enough, for my husband buys nothing but old stumps and knots, which make all the meat we roast or boil so exceedingly tough that nobody can eat it.'

Being asked who invented the game of bowls, he replied No doubt, the philosopher Bias.

RHETORIC

That sort is best which is most reasonable and catching. An instance we have in that old commander at Cadiz, who shewed a good orator. Being to say something to his soldiers, (which he was not used to do) he made them a speech to this purpose: 'What a shame would it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons.' And thus he put more courage into his men than he could have done by a learned oration.

A CALF PREFERRED TO A LORD.

A great lord and a gentleman walking together, there came a boy by leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, 'You shall see me make this boy let go his calf.' With that he came towards him, thinking that the boy would pull off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'do you not know me, that you use no reverence?' 'Yes,' says the boy, 'if your lordship will hold my calf, I will pull off my hat.'

EMPHATIC REPROOF.

When the Marshal ——— was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers diverting themselves with some girls, 'Is this, gentlemen, the example that I set you?'

A RECIPE FOR COURAGE.

A gallant soldier was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this: 'Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day, as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire.'

A PASSIONATE MAN.

Fletcher, of Saltown, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed. 'Why do you leave me?' said he—'Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper.'—'To be sure, I am passiouate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off.'—'Yes,' replied the servant, 'but then it is no sooner off, than it is on.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

A father was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, 'Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks.'

OBSTINATE WIFE.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bye-standers asked him if he was mad? she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and supposed for certain she was the same at her death.

POLITICAL PRUDENCE.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said 'Aye,' and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said, 'No,' and he tore

him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called for the fox, and asked him. 'Truly,' said he, 'I have got a cold and cannot smell.'

EPIGRAM.

Kate kiss'd her husband with these words:
'What transports do I prove,
While heav'n my own sweet Will affords,
To bless his only love!'
'I do believe,' cried he, 'my Kate,
That women, good or ill,
Were never understood to hate,
No, never, their *own will*.'

MONEY MAKES A MAN LAUGH.

A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him, observing it, cried, 'Let us begone, father; they do nothing but laugh at you.' 'Hold your peace,' said the fiddler, 'we shall have the money presently, and then we shall laugh at them.'

SWIFT SPIRIT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life,
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
That he sent them all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

THE MISTAKE.

Marshal Turenne happening one hot day to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap, a servant entering the room, deceived

by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master. Down he drops upon his knees—'*Oh! my lord, I thought it was George*---' *And suppose it had been George,*' replied the marshal, rubbing his breech, '*you need not have struck so hard.*'

AN AGREEMENT.

Colonel Chartres agreed to purchase the timber of a large estate in the north, from a young heir, and pay the whole money as soon as he had cut down the last tree, which agreement was accepted of. His labourers were immediately set to work, and they cut away with uncommon expedition till they came to the last tree, where they halted, and left it standing, as well as the purchase-money unpaid, until the death of the colonel.

ROYAL WIT.

A great personage finding fault with a carpenter whose work had shrunk, the carpenter expressed his concern, and declared that he would not have had such a thing happen for a good deal. '*A good deal!*' replied his majesty, 'if I were a carpenter, I would not have had it happen for a whole *timber-yard.*'

ON PART OF THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH IN OXFORD BEING TURNED INTO A LAW-SCHOOL.

Yes, yes, you may rail at the Pope as you please,
But trust me, that miracles never will cease;
See here an event which no mortal suspected,
See law and divinity closely connected;
To prove the old proverb, which long had seem'd odd,
That the nearest the church are the farthest from God.

PRUDENCE WITH GENIUS.

Burke had written a tragedy, which he shewed to his friend Fox. Being asked by the latter if Garrick had ever

seen it; 'No,' replied Burke, 'I have had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself.'

PUN UPON PUN.

Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a *spot of grease* on the neckcloth of his companion, said, 'I see you are a *Grecian*.'—'Pooh!' said the other, 'that's *far-fetched*.'—'No, indeed,' says the punster, 'I made it on the *spot*.'

THE CRANES.

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who, one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane, that was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him that he was right, observe several cranes at roost upon one leg; but his master shouting, they put down their other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, 'How lucky it was that you did not shout last night! for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too.'

A QUAKER TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

The Duke of Grafton being a fox hunting, near Newmarket, a quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat and gave a view holloa! The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, was consequently at fault, which so enraged the Duke, that galloping up to the offender, he asked, in an angry tone, 'Art thou a quaker?' 'I am, friend,' replied Broadbrim. 'Well, then,' rejoined his grace, 'as you never pull off your hat to a *Christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *fox*.'

QUIN ON CHARLES I.

Quin sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I. 'But by what laws,' said his opponent, 'was he put to death?'—Quin replied 'By all the laws that he had left them.'

THE TYTHE.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner, written on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me *one heart*, and take back *t'other nine*.

LOUIS XIV. AND MAZARIN.

When Louis XIV. came to the throne, he was remarkably obstinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council nor any private counsellor. One day being hunting on a very small Britanny bidet, cardinal Mazarin frequently repeated, 'What a very strong horse that must be!' 'Why so, my good cardinal?' replied the King. 'Why, sire,' answered his eminence, 'it not only carries your majesty, but the whole body of your council.'

PAINTER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

A painter who had turned physician, was asked why he had quitted his profession; 'Because,' replied he, 'my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner, therefore I have now chosen one in which they will be buried.'

GOOD MANNERS.

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations: when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness, he should not have returned their salute; 'O, I beg your pardon,' said the good pontiff, 'I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners.'

TWO SIDES.

After Cromwell's first coinage, an old adherent of the royal party seeing one of the new pieces, having on one side the inscription, 'God with us;' and on the other the arms of the republic of England, said, 'it may be seen by this, that God and the republic are not on one side.'

VIRTUES AND VICES.

Andrea Martineti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues with the opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, 'Holy Father, shall I paint one more vice, called ingratitude?'—'Yes,' answered the pope, 'if you add another virtue, called patience.'

ASK FOR ENOUGH.

An old farmer on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose? The landlord answered peremptorily, 'no!' 'Why then, sir,' said he, 'will you give me enough to build a barn?' 'No.' 'To make a gate then?' 'Yes.' 'That's all I wanted,' said the farmer, 'and more than I expected.'

WHERE'S THE POKER.

The poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd,
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting:
'Nothing but villainy and thieving!
Good heavens, what a world we live in!
If I don't find it in the morning,
I'll surely give my master warning.
He'd better far shut up his doors,
Than keep such good-for-nothing whores,
For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,
We virtuous bodies cannot thrive.'
Well, may poor Susan, grunt and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs,
For the next day she lost the tongs;
The salt-box, cullender, and grate,
Soon shar'd the same untimely fate.
In vain she vails and wages spent
On new ones---for the new ones went.
There'd been, she swore, some dev'l or witch in,
To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where for a moment she had no sleep,
Curse on the author of these wrongs,
In her own bed she found the tongs!
Hang Thomas for an idle joker!
And there, good lack! she found the poker,
With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.

Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing.
No wonder that the poker's missing.

ECLIPSE POSTPONED.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled before the deanery door in Kevin-street, and upon enqui-

ring the cause, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the croud, bawled out, 'Oh yes, oh yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the King, and his reverence the Dean.'

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Whilst Tom will say with impious notion,
That ignorance begets devotion;
His own example makes the doubt,
For Tom by no means is devout.

THE COURTIER CUT SHORT.

A borough, famous in the country on account of an ass-fair, which is held there every year, had sent its magistrate to meet a prince, in order to harangue him. A courtier of the prince's retinue, perceiving that the speech began to grow tiresome to him, thought proper to make a diversion, by asking the speaker what asses were worth in his country? The magistrate stopped short, and after having examined from top to toe the person who had made him such an out of the way question, 'When they are,' answered he, 'of your colour and size, they are worth five crowns.' And then resumed the thread of his speech.

NORTHERN WIT.

A Scotch woman, whose name was Margaret, did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the minister, 'Ah, Margaret," says he, 'donna ye ken where a' the sinfu' gang?' 'Deel tak them that kens, as weel as them that speers,' cries she. 'Ah, Margaret, they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' 'By my trow, then,' says Margaret, 'let them gnash that hae them, for deel a stump hae I had these twenty years.'

THE SWISS CAPTAIN.

The captain of some grenadiers---
He was a Swiss, as it appears,
It happen'd one unlucky day
That cashier'd was his company:
Since Mars would give him no employ,
He wish'd a fortune to enjoy.
Thinks he, an heiress for my wife,
Will make me happy all my life;
Of hectoring, the epithet
Would be a name that's very fit.
He was indeed near six-feet high;
He wore his hat cock'd furiously:
A sword so long, it reach'd the ground;
He strutted empty, look'd profound.
Besides he had (I speak impartial)
A pair of whiskers very martial;
To curl those whiskers he'd essay
Above a hundred times a day,
To comb them, half his occupation,
And twist into the very fashion.
To this he'd add rodomontade
And bronze; then seek some pretty maid.
He unwearied sought, and soon did find
A lady suited to his mind.
She was beauteous, lively, free,
In short, just turn'd of twenty-three,
And something made him happier still--
She had a fortune at her will.
The captain thought, 'tis now or never,
'I'll try my art, I must be clever:
I'll surely win this lovely dame;
In arts of love I boast great fame.'
He thought himself, I will engage,
The finest fellow of the age.
Soon did he his love discover,
And gain'd admission as a lover;
He vow'd and swore that Cupid's dart
Had stuck him through the tend'rest part;
Declar'd if she would not comply,
He soon would broken-hearted die.
One day as he was ranting, kneeling,
Full of love, and full of feeling--

'Sweet girl," said he, 'if you choose,
Send me to pull Great Mogul's nose;
And if you like it, I mayhap
May pluck the diamond from his cap;
Say, and I'll make no more to do,
But steal the Chinese Emperor's shoe.'
He said he'd do such things to prove
How far th' extent was of his love.
'Captain, no more,' answered the maid,
And without hesitation, said,
'The vows and promises you make
Shew what you would do for my sake,
But what I ask will be no trouble,
If you will do't, I'll love you double'
'Sweet maid,' cried he, with eyes elate,
'Tell me, dear girl, what is my fate.
Delay not, lovely maid, reveal,
Is it to find Solomon's seal?
Tho' hell opposes it I'll perform,
For danger is a thing of scorn.'
'No, Captain, no,' replied the fair,
'No danger I'd wish you to share;
But if you love me, don't decline
To cut your whiskers, then I'm thine.'
'Cut off my whiskers!' answer'd he,
'No, madam, no, 'that ne'er can be.'
'If you don't grant me my design,'
Says she, 'you never can be mine.
Good Captain, come, your anger stifle;
Why be surprized at such a trifle?'
'A trifle, ma'am, indeed 'tis not,
Such manly whiskers have I got,
My whisker they are prais'd, 'tis said,
By wife, by widow, and by maid.
Then, oh, forgive me such a task:
I'll do whatever else you ask.'
Says she, 'if you do not agree,
Connection's done 'tween you and me.'
'Good-bye, then' was the captain's cry,
'I won't agree to it, no not I;
Not for a kingdom would I do it—
Were I, I think, I soon should rue it.

Good bye again,' was what he said,
Then strutted off, and left the maid.

Moral.

How many a lady is there vain
To have a coxcomb in her train?
He'll vow, he'll swear, pretend to deal,
And with pretended rapture kneel.
The fortune he will first look at,
Despise his spouse when he has that.
Had ev'ry female penetration,
They'd keep each puppy in his station,
And in a moment rid themselves
Of such conceited, stupid elves.

THE DANGER OE DISSEMINATING FREE-THINKING OPINIONS.

Mallet was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practice what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. 'Sir,' said the fellow, 'I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that, after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery.' 'Well, but, you rascal,' replied Mallet, 'had you no fear of the gallows?'—'Master,' said the culprit, looking sternly at him, 'What is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?'

A CONUNDRUM.

A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmas-day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands

he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with extravagant encomiums on a giblet-pie, which his host was most voraciously devouring. 'Have you ever, mounseer,' said Mr. Greenfat, 'have you ever seen any thing like it?' 'Nothing in my life,' replied the other, 'except your worship's wig.' 'Ha! ha!' exclaims the alderman, 'that's a good one. But pray how is my wig like that pie?' '*Pardie!*' rejoined the Frenchman, 'because it has a *goose's head* in it.'

THE ROPE.

Two persons quarrelling in a public-house, one told the other he knew what would hang him. 'You are a liar,' replied his antagonist, 'and I defy you to prove your words,' when the first produced a rope, and said, 'this would hang you.'

MUTUAL CLAIM.

Some one observing to Lord Chesterfield that the French were a more polite people than the English, and that the English acknowledged they were; 'their acknowledgment,' replied his lordship, 'proves their own right.'

SHREWD REMARK.

Marivaux being one day in company with Lord Bolingbroke, who had professed himself an infidel in religion, though he had mentioned as true many dubious historical facts, 'Well, my lord,' said he, 'if you are an infidel, I see it is not for want of faith.'

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

During the civil war, some persons of the royal party having mixed with the republicans in company, were talking of their future hopes. 'Tis all building castles in the air,' observed a surly republican. 'Where can we build them else?' replied a cavalier; 'you have robbed us of every inch of land.'

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico:
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed:
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each drest herself divinely neat;
With face full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley;
But singly, surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a donna,
As fair as that of old Crotona,
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy at once not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving, ate the paring;

And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
'Sally I now declare my bride:
With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
And Betsy who has par'd the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose;
She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
Can never err, if he will chose
A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.'

HINT TO A POET.

An author was reading some bad verses in his poem to a friend, in a very cold apartment. The critic cried out, in a shaking fit, 'My dear friend, either put fire into your verses, or your verses into the fire, or I shall not be able to stand here any longer.

PUN OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

The town of Chartres was besieged by this prince, and capitulated. The magistrate of the town on giving up the keys, addressed his majesty:—'This town belongs to your highness by divine law and by human law.'—'And by *cannon* law,' replied the King.

ORIGIN OF AN OLD SAYING.

A taylor who lived near a church-yard in a large town, used to count the number of funerals, by putting a stone into a pot, hung up in his shop for that purpose. At his death his house was shut; and, on enquiry, it was observed by a next-door neighbour, 'that now the taylor himself was *gone to pot*.'

A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

A man of fashion travelling in Spain, was shewn the Escurial, and the stupendous convent of St. Jerome. The prior told him, that this building was erected in consequence of a vow, made by Philip, at the battle of St. Quintra, in case he became victorious. 'The King replied the traveller drily, looking round the immense edifice, 'must have been confoundedly frighted.'

AN INTRODUCTORY CEREMONY FOR AN AUTHOR.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to deliver at Guildhall. 'I must first dine with you,' replied he, 'and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fit it.'

UNRULY HORSE.

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, 'The de'el tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the Five Hundred Kings in the House o'Commons. They'll sune tame ye.'

SHOOTING.

King William the Third had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling-pieces to the King. One day, however it chanced that Monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him into the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the King, he gave his majesty the gun charged only with powder. The King having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands and extolling the King's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen his majesty miss his aim before in his life.

CONTRIVANCE.

A couple of sweeps having occasion to pass the new bridge at Manchester, unluckily could muster only a

single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny to pay the toll they knew not, till one of them proposed to toss up which should carry the other over. This was done---one was instantly crammed into the bag, and lugged over on the shoulders of the other as a burthen of soot.

TRUE RICHES.

Iris, though wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content;
Corvus, a wretch, with many hands,
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of Lombard! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more!
One with his poverty is rich,
The other with his wealth is poor.

THE KING UPON ALL FOURS.

The Spanish ambassador one day entered the room in which Henry the Fourth was on all fours, with his little son upon his back. The king stopped, and looking earnestly at the ambassador, said to him, 'Pray, sir, have you any children?' 'Yes, sire, several.' 'Well then, I shall complete my round.'

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.---TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

'Doctor, for one short moment's ease,
Ere death his fated victim seize,
Permit me to salute my lass!'
The doctor shakes his sapient pate,
And gives the negative of fate.
Allow me then a cheerful glass,
And converse of some social friend!'
'Neither, if e'er you hope to mend!'
Three shakes prophetic loudly cry.
'Then, doctor, clip my mortal time,
For kept from friends, from love, and wine,
It matters not how soon I die.'

LONG LIFE ENSURED.

A man greatly in debt, on his death bed, said to his friends, 'I only wish to live till I have paid all my debts.' His friends commended the motive of his prayer. The sick man, in a lower tone, proceeded, 'and if heaven would grant me this favour, I know my life would be very long indeed.'

THE PRECAUTION.

A man in the habit of travelling, complained to his friend, that he had often been robbed, and who was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. 'Oh! that would be worse,' replied the hero, 'the thieves would rob me of them also.'

PRACTICAL JOKE.

An alchymist, who knew Leo X. was a great encourager of the arts and sciences, addressed him on a discovery which he had made, of turning other metals into gold. The pope read his address with great attention. Whilst the philosopher was gaping after his remuneration from his holiness, he received from the pope a very large empty purse, with these words, 'You can fill it.'

THE COPY.

A lady, who was indebted more for the charms of her face to her own skill than to the bloom of nature, sat to a famous painter. The artist was so pleased with the exact likeness of the portrait, that he spoke in raptures of it to a friend, to whom he showed it. 'Sir,' said he to the painter, after a pause, 'you know when you paint after nature, you have my unbounded applause, but when you condescend to copy, I am silent.'

A REPLY IN A PROPER PLACE.

Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbour, and said, 'Friend, we have been disputing, whether you are more fool or rogue.' The man took each of the querists by the

arm, and walking in the middle, after some hesitation replied, 'Why, faith, I believe I am between both.'

A REPROOF.

When Sir Thomas Moore was lord chancellor, a nobleman, who had a cause pending in his court, sent him two large silver flaggons, of great value: 'Tell my lord,' says sir Thomss to the bearer, 'that they shall be filled, and when he has emptied them, he shall have some more wine, if he approves it.'

HOW TO BE A CONNOISSEUR.

A lady, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem:—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire 'Take care of my Cleopatra,' exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

EPIGRAM.

Two intimate friends, who, for many a year,
I had not the pleasure to see, or to hear,
I chanc'd once to meet; they talked without ceasing,
And I wish I could add, their prosing was pleasing.
The one, fresh from Italy, utter'd his strictures
On Raphael's, on Guido's, and some modern pictures:
The other he talk'd of elections and votes,
Of bribing, and rascals 'ycleped turn coats.
I wish'd to get quit of the noise and the babble,
From the friend of virtu and the friend of the rabble;
Good sirs, as I know not virtu or the law,
As you are both on the *canvas*, I'll beg to withdraw.

BON-MOT.

A jockey lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair, 'Ah! doctor,' exclaimed the priest, 'what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a *horse* from an *ass*?' 'My lord,' replied the tutor, 'I soon perceived *you* among these horses.'

POPE GANGANELLI,

When raised to the papal chair, changed nothing of his former simplicity of manners, or his mode of living.—When his butler waited on him for his table, 'Never mind my negligence,' said the pope, 'of these matters. I shall not trouble you; but you may keep your place, and let me keep my health.'

NECESSITY OF SHOW.

A doctor, who advertised his cure for the gout, was sent to by a rich patient. The servant announced to his master, lying in bed, the arrival of the doctor. 'I have no carriage under my window,' said the patient. 'Sir,' says the servant, 'the doctor came on foot.' 'What!' exclaimed the angry patient, 'cure the gout, and not keep his carriage! John, go down and horsewhip the fellow.'

ON A LADY'S GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pall which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbond bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Dr. Sherlock, when preaching in the Temple church, concerning the customs of the primitive times, observed, among other things, that in those happy days all things were held in common but their wives. A gentleman in one of the pews pulled his next neighbour by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, 'Their daughters, *then*, were common.'

THE CONTRACTORS.

An Epigram.

To rob the public two contractors come;
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Who is the greater, if you can, explain,
The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain?

CHEAP MAGGOTS.

A lady, who was very whimsical, had married a rich cheesemonger. A female friend said she was very glad of it, as now Miss ——— might indulge in *maggots* without any expence.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

Ben Jonson in the early part of his life, was a bricklayer, but was then distinguished for his wit and poetical talents. A lady of considerable humour, who had heard of him, passing him one morning while he was at work addressed him thus:

'With line and rule,
Works many a fool.
Good morning, master bricklayer.'

To this Ben replied,

'In silk and scarlet
Walks many a harlot.
Good morning, madam.'

COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

The late duchess dowager of Bedford meeting once a Cambridge student, asked him how her noble relation did? 'Truly madam,' says he, 'he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine-hall.' (The name of a college there.) 'I vow,' said her grace, 'I feared as much; for he had always an hankering after the wenches.'

NAVAL BON-MOT.

The Duke of Clarence jocularly observing to captain H——y, of the navy, that he heard he read the bible, wished

to know what he learnt from it. The captain replied one part of the scripture he well remembered; which was—'Not to put his trust in princes.'

JOHNSONIAN COMPLIMENT.

In spite of the ill-founded contempt Dr. Johnson professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair. 'You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got.'

SEVERE REPROOF.

Cardinal Dubois had no great order in private affairs, nor even in the great detail of public business which he took upon him. He used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, 'Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time.'

DANGER OF A JOKE.

Philip I. of France, frequently exercised his wit at the expence of William the Conqueror's fat paunch; and once in particular, when the latter was reading at Rouen, he jocularly enquired of one of William's courtiers when his master would lie in? The conqueror did not relish the jest, and gave Philip to understand, that as soon as he should get abroad, he would acknowledge his kind enquiries at Paris, with ten thousand lances in his train.

THE CUNNING PRIEST.

A Norman priest, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptising one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, 'because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.'

THE BILIOUS COMPLAINT.

When Mr. —— was dismissed from being prime minister, he became ill, and sent for Sir William Duncan, who asked the servant, what ailed his master? 'He has a bilious complaint, sir,' was the answer. 'I never in my life,' replied sir William, 'knew a minister out of place without a *bill-ious* complaint.'

A NEW DISEASE.

When some person told the great marquis de Spinola, that John de Vir, a famous general, died of having nothing to do, he answered, 'Upon my word, that is sufficient to kill any general.'

ON THE TEMPLARS' ARMS.

When to the inns of court you go,
The horse and lamb display'd,
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.
The client may infer from thence,
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The horse their *expedition*.
Oh! happy Briton! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say;
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

A PEDIGREE.

King James I. in his progress into England, was entertained at Lumley Castle, the seat of the Earl of Scarborough. A relation of the noble earl was very proud in shewing and explaining to his majesty an immense large genealogical line of the family, the pedigree of which he carried back rather further than the greatest strength of credulity would allow. 'I gude faith, man,' says the king, 'it may be they are very true, but I did na ken before that Adam's name was Lumley.'

A LAMB'S FRY BETTER THAN NOTHING.

A comical old fellow, who loved to be saving, having been to market to purchase a lamb's fry, on his return met an acquaintance, who accosted him with, 'Ah! Mr. Gripe'em, what you've been to purchase some provision.' 'Yes,' said the old man, 'a nice Lamb's Fry for my supper.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'Nothing is better for supper than lamb's fry.' 'I beg your pardon,' retorted the old gentlemen, 'but I think lamb's fry is *better than nothing*.'

GENERAL LABORIE.

General Laborie, in conversation with Count Lehrbach and Field-Marshal Lasnes, at the French advanced posts while the Convention of Hohenlinden was preparing, made some allusions to the want of dignity which a great nation exhibits in making war in the pay of a foreign power. 'How!' observed the Austrian, 'the Emperor is in no one's pay.' 'But you receive subsidies from England.' 'No,' said Count Lehrbach, with vehemence, 'it is a loan.' 'Yes,' replied Laborie sarcastically, 'and you pay the interest *with legs and arms*.'

MISS SEWARD.

When Mr. R——n, whose malevolent, and waspish, disposition is so well known, died a short time since, and it was reported by some people that he had poisoned himself. 'What!' replied Miss Seward, 'Sure he must have *bit his own tongue!*'

A MATRIMONIAL SQUIB.

One teazing his wife, relative to some family matter in dispute, and at the same time desiring her to do something not very agreeable; she made this reply, 'I don't know what you would be at, you always use me just like a wench *under you*.'

MR. PITT.

Previous to the inspection of the Dover Volunteer corps, by the Lord Warden, an order was issued for the men to

wear black stocks made of *leather*, as is usual with troops of the line. Several of the corps objected to this order, alledging, that, not being accustomed to such a stiff bandage round their necks, they hoped to be permitted to wear their silk ones as before. Mr. Pitt observed, when the corps assembled, he had never been accustomed to wear a *stock made of leather*, but he now submitted to that part of the military dress, from which he did not experience the least inconvenience. 'That may be, sir,' replied an honest blacksmith, who was in the ranks; 'for your neck is like your head, *so very long*, the leather can do you no injury.'

MR. CANNING.

Dr. R—— maintained that poverty was a virtue. 'That,' said Mr. Canning, 'is literally *making a virtue of necessity*.'

MR. HOPPNER.

'Pray, Mr. Hoppner,' said Lady C—, 'how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness, and yet preserve the likeness?' 'The art, madam,' replied he, 'may be conveyed in two words: where Nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.'

LORD ST. VINCENT.

A certain officer, of an envious disposition, said to Lord St. Vincent, when he had just gained the celebrated victory off Cape St. Vincent, 'What can those who envy your glory say now?' 'I do not know, answered the brave admiral, '*What* do you *say?*'

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

'How much is it to be lamented,' said a gentleman, 'that Sir Joshua Reynolds was not careful to use colours that would stand. Some of his best pieces are already spoiled from this neglect.' 'True,' said the Duchess of Devonshire, 'he has always come off with *flying colors*.'

BON MOT.

A certain dramatic M. P. inquiring recently of his son what side of politics he should espouse on his inauguration

to St. Stephen's chapel; the son replied, 'that he intended to vote for those who offered best, and that in consequence he should wear on his forehead a label, '*to let*;' to which the facetious critic rejoined, I suppose, Tom, you mean to add, *unfurnished*.'

THE MISTAKE.

A person who was often rallied for not having children, on his wife's pregnancy hastened to his acquaintance to inform him of it. 'I never suspected your wife's capacity,' replied his friend.

LOSS OF TIME.

A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gambling, 'Ah, madam,' replied the priest, 'it is a grievous sin. In the first place, consider the great loss of time.' 'Yes,' replied the fair penitent, 'I have often grudged the time that is lost in shuffling and dealing.'

CITY HUMORIST.

An old city humorist being told that Dr. ———, the physician, was dead, exclaimed, 'Good God! I am always glad to hear of a doctor's death; *it saves so many lives!*'

DIGNUM.

Dignum being asked what wine he chiefly drank, replied with great truth, 'that which other people pay for.'

THE TAYLOR'S WIFE.

A young fellow saying to a friend that he was very intimately connected with Mrs. Snip, the taylor's wife. 'If I was the taylor,' said a friend, 'I would *cut it off*.' 'Cut what off.' 'Why the *connection* to be sure.'

HOW TO SMELL A RAT.

An old man and a dashing young one conversing, the youth, to shew his penetration and discernment in the subject they were talking about, said he could *smell a rat* as

far as any body. 'So I should suppose,' cried the old man, 'by *your whiskers.*'

CHARLES DIGNUM'S REPARTEE.

Dignum and Jack Bannister sitting together in a room that was rather dark, Dignum being next the window, prevented the light from having free access to his companion, upon which Bannister called out, 'Upon my soul, Dignum, I cannot see through your jaws.' I do not wonder at that,' said Dignum, 'for mine are not *lanthorn jaws.*'

PETER BONCŒUR; OR, THE FISHERMAN'S LAW SUIT.

By the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,
There liv'd an old fellow, nam'd Peter Boncœur,
Who was free to his neighbours, and good to the poor.
Catching fish was his trade;
And all people said,
That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd;
To ev'ry thing else he was candid and kind.
One day as he went to the brink of the lake,
Persuading the fishes their dinners to take,
The last he intended they ever should make;
While his hooks he employ'd, to their sorrow and woe,
A grunting he heard in the waters below:
And, casting his eye to the bottom—for here,
We'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear—
He saw, on the bed of the liquid profound,
An unfortunate wight, who was drowning, or drown'd.
That the man to the surface once more might ascend,
He took up his pole with a hook at the end:
Then to it he fell,
And manag'd so well,
That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn;
And who should it prove but his old neighbour John.
Now, some how or other, it popp'd in his head,
That, in spite of his drowning, the man wasn't dead;
And, while he was thinking what means to devise,
That his friend might recover, and open his eyes,
He saw, with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
That in lugging him up, he one eye had put out.

However, persuaded, by what he had heard,
That the man might be living, for aught that appear'd;
To his cottage he took him, and there had him bled,
Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and put into bed:
So, in less that a week, to his praise be it said
Yes, in less than a week, the man was so sound,
Excepting the loss of his eye, and the wound,
As if, in his life, he had never been drown'd.
But, when John had grown able to travel about,
He felt sadly chagrin'd that his eye was put out;
And, forgetting the service his neighbour had done him,
Went off to a lawyer, and clapp'd a writ on him:
Talk'd much of the value of what he had lost;
That Peter must pay all the damage and cost;
And if with that sentence he did not comply,
He swore he would have his identical eye!
That Peter was vex'd, we need hardly to say:
Yet he urg'd what he could in a moderate way:
Declar'd to the Judge, by way of defence,
That the action was wrought without malice propense;
That his conscience excus'd him for what he had done,
That fortune, alone, was to blame; and, that John
Might have thought himself happy, when death was so nigh,
To purchase his life, with the loss of an eye
That the loss of an eye was a serious affair,
Was certain; and yet, he'd be bold to declare,
That aman who can shew but one eye in his head,
Is better, by far, than a man that is dead.
In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading;
John said, he had never yet found, in his reading,
A law, or a custom, or senator sage,
A people, or nation, in whatever age,
Permitting, unpunish'd, by force or surprize,
One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's eyes.
The lawyers and judges were all at a stand,
Which way to conclude on the matter in hand;
Till a half witted fellow who chanc'd to be there,
Undertook to decide on this weighty affair:
And cried, 'Can you doubt, in a case that's so plain?
Be guided by me and you'll ne'er doubt again;
'The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this:
In fishing him up, John takes it amiss,

That Peter manœuvred with so little skill;
So awkwardly fumbled, and managed so ill:
As then, with his bungling, to ruin John's look,
And put out his eye with the point of his hook.
Well! now, my Lords Judges, attend my decree:
Straightway let the Plaintiff be thrown in the sea;
And if, after reposing awhile at the bottom,
He gets out, alone, from where Peter got him—
Safe, sound, and undamag'd—why, then, 'tis my sentence,
That Peter be punish'd, and brought to repentance:
But if, after plunging and flouncing about,
He drowns in the water, and never gets out;
Why, then, it is justice, it must be confess'd,
That Peter forthwith be discharg'd from arrest,
Absolv'd from all punishment due to the wound,
And paid into the bargain, 'cause John wasn't drown'd!"
The audience were struck with a world of surprize,
To think that a fool should give council so wise:
The judges, themselves, the senator espous'd.
John, finding that matters had ta'n a wrong turn;
Nor waiting to see if the court would adjourn;
Sneak'd out of the hall, with a hiss of disgrace,
In dread less the sentence should quickly take place.
Grown pliant, at last, the cause he withdrew:
His plea was so bad, and his friends were so few.
'Twas needless, he thought, on the cast of a die,
To venture his life, for the sake of an eye:
And concluded 'twas better to give up the suit,
Than risk the one left, and be drown'd into boot!
While Peter declar'd, if he e'er again found
His neighbour lay drowning, he'd let him be drown'd!

TRIED FRIENDS.

A sharper having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked, if most of his had not been *tried* already?

A BAD AIR.

A person once hearing a lady sing, who had a disagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. 'The voice is good,' said he; 'but the air is intolerable.'

THE WILL OF JOHN HEDGES, ESQ.

Secretary to His Royal Highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

This fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
To hip not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother:
But because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I no wise intended,
Till their manners were mended,
(And God knows there's no sign:)
I do therefore enjoin,
And strictly command,
(Of which witness my hand,)
That nought I have got
Be brought to hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dearest brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother JOHN HEDGES.

This will was proved at Doctors' Commons, and deemed good in a court of law.

THE LEGACY.

An old miser was on his death bed, verbally declaring his last intentions, but alas! his eldest son had offended him past forgiveness, by his inattention to money matters,

and vain were the endeavours of surrounding friends to intercede for him. 'I leave my second son, Andrew,' said the dying man, 'my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.' Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, prayed heaven to prolong his life, that he might long enjoy it himself. 'I recommend Simon, my third son, to Andrew's care; leaving him four thousand pounds.' 'Ah, father,' said Simon, 'may heaven grant you to live and enjoy it yourself!' 'As for you, Dick,' said he to his eldest son, 'you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to any good: you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy an halter' 'Ah, father,' cried Dick, 'heaven restore you, and permit you to enjoy it yourself!'

THE TWINS.

Miss P——, who had many lovers, and had had several children, complained thus to Lord Chesterfield: 'Only think how I am belied; they give out that I was lately brought to bed of twins.' 'Nay,' answered his lordship, 'I only believe reports by halves.'

A SCHOOL FOR POLITENESS; OR, THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

Once on a time, as I've heard say,
(I neither know the year, nor day)
The rain distill'd from many a cloud:
The night was dark: the wind blew loud:
A country Squire, without a guide,
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,
Attended by his servant Jerry,
Was travelling tow'rds the town of Bury.
The Squire had ne'er been bred in courts;
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Tho' he to wit made no pretence,
A Squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought every sheep he saw a ghost;
And most devoutly pray'd, he might
Escape the terrors of the night!
As they approach'd the common's side,
A peasant's cottage they espied;

There, riding up, our weary Squire,
Held it most prudent to enquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a welcome in!
'No inns there are,' replied the clown,
''Twixt this and yonder market-town,
Seven miles, north-west, across the heath!
And wind and rain are in your teeth!
But, if so be, Sir, you will go
To yonder old hall upon the brow,
You'll find free entertainment there,
Down beds, and rare Old English fare,
Of beef, and mutton, fowl and fish;
As good as any man need wish.
Warm stabling, too; and corn, and hay:
Yet not a penny have to pay!
'Tis true, Sir, I have heard it said.'
And here he grinn'd, and scratch'd his head,
'The gentleman that keeps the house,
Tho' ev'ry freedom he allows,
And is, o'er night, so woundy civil,
You'd swear he never dreamt of evil;
Orders, next morn, his servant John,
With Cat-o'-nine-tails to lay on
Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
On man and master, ere they're mounted!'
'With Cat-o'-nine-tails!' 'Oh!' cried Jerry,
'That I were safe at Edmond's Bury.'
Our Squire spurr'd on, as clown directed;
This offer might not be rejected:
Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade!
The Squire, more curious than afraid,
Arrives, and rings. The footman runs:
The master, with his wife, and sons,
Descend the hall, and bid him enter;
Give him dry cloaths; and beg he'll venture
To take a glass of Coniac brandy!
And he, who hated words to bandy,
In idle compliment'ry speeches,
The brandy took, and ckc the breeches.
The liquor drank, the garments chang'd;
The family round the fire arrang'd;
The mistress begg'd to know if he
Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea?

The Squire replied, sans hesitation,
Or teazing, trite, expostulation—
'A dish of coffee, and a toast!'
The mistress smil'd: tha' enraptur'd host,
Cried, 'Sir, I like your frankness much!
This house is yours; pray think it such,
While here you stay; 'tis my request,
And you shall be a welcome guest;
Sans ceremony I would live;
And, what I have, I freely give!
Tea ended; once again, our host,
Demanded, 'Sir, of boil'd or roast,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
For supper?' 'Why, indeed, good Sir,
Roast duck I love.' 'With good green peas?'
'Yes, dearest madam, if you please!'
'Well said! Now, while it's getting ready,
We, two, my eldest son, and lady,
Will take a hand at whist?' 'Agreed!'
And soon they cut for deal and lead.
But, now, to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
Whether the Squire drank wine or ale;
Or how he slept; or what he said;
Or how much gave to man or maid;
Or what, the while, became of Jerry,
'Mong footmen blithe, and maidens merry,
Description here we can't admit,
For 'Brevity's the soul of wit.'
Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd,
Jerry, of senses half depriv'd,
Horses from stable saw led out;
Trembled, and skulk'd, and peep'd about;
And felt, already, ev'ry thwack
Of cat-o'-nine-tails on his back!
Each word, each action, was a blunder.
But, O how great his joy and wonder!
The stirrups held, the horses cross'd;
When, forth the hostess, and the host,
With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
Came out, to take a cup at parting:
Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em,
Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em!
Of thanks, what language can afford;
Of cat-o'-nine-tails, not one word!

Mutual civilities repaid,
The Squire had turn'd his horse's head,
To gallop of; yet, his desire
Grew, ev'ry moment, high'r and high'r,
While bidding thus his last adieu,
To ask, if what he'd heard was true!
For, not alone the clown, had said
The reckoning must in stripes be paid:
But, one o'th' footmen---whom he, slily,
O'er night, interrogated---drily
Confirm'd th' aforesaid peasant's tale;
And said, his master would not fail,
Next morn to bid, in furious passion,
Strong John lay twenty times the lash on!
Determin'd then, to ease his doubt,
E'en tho' it bred a flogging bout---
Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
He was not very much in fear.
Once more he turn'd his horse's head;
And, to his host, thus, smiling, said---
'Last night, a peasant told me here,
As I have found, was noble cheer!
But added, ere this morn I went,
You'd drub me to my heart's content!
Is it a fiction, or a fact!
After such kindness you've express'd,
You thus take leave of ev'ry guest?
And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
Have I deserv'd to be excepted?'
'Sir,' answer'd he, 'tis very true;
No stranger e're went hence, but you,
Who bore not, on his well-carv'd bark,
Of cat-o'-nine-tails many a mark!
None yet deserv'd---or I'm mistaken,
That pity ere should spare their bacon:
A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves;
Of bowing, fawning, dying slaves!
If a man ask'd what they prefer---
'Oh! I love any thing, good Sir!'
'Would you chuse coffee, Sir, or tea?'
'Dear ma'm, it's all the same to me!'
'For beef, or mutton, give your voice?'
'Upon my honour I've no choice!'

'There's Cheshire, Sir, and Glo'ster cheese;
Which shall I send you?'—'Which you please!'
Curse on their cringing complaisance!
I've tutor'd some of them, to dance
Such steps as they ne'er learn'd in France:
But you, good Sir, or I misdeem,
Deserve an honest man's esteem.
Your frankness, Sir, I call polite;
I never spent a happier night!
And, whensoe'er this road you come,
I hope you'll make this house your home:
Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth,
To rank a man of so much worth
Among my friends.'—'Sir,' said the Squire,
''Tis what I ardently desire!
Not twenty miles from hence, my house;
At which your sons, yourself, and spouse,
Shall find such hospitality,
As kindly you have shown to me.'
The bargain struck, our Squire and Jerry,
Again proceed for town of Bury.
And now the reader may, with ease,
Extract this moral, if he please—
Politeness, cannot o'er become
Impertinent and troublesome!
His breeding good, he soonest proves!
Who soonest tells you what he loves:
And who, in rapid consequence,
Their wordy compliments dispense,
Have more servility than sense!

THE TAYLOR'S DREAM.

A taylor, who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream. He saw, fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colours. The angel of death held this piece of patch-work in one of his hands, and with the other gave the taylor several strokes with a piece of iron. The taylor, awakening in a fright, made a vow, that if he recovered he would cabbage no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident in himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream, whenever he cut out a suit of clothes. The taylor was for some time

obedient to the intimations given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his dream, but to no purpose: 'I am tired with your talk about the dream,' says the taylor; 'there was nothing like *this* in the whole piece of patch-work I saw in my *dream*.'

CHARLES FOX.

At a consultation of the minority members, on a day previous to a great question, it was asked who had best open the business: Mr. Fox exclaimed with the tyrant Richard, 'Saddle *black* Surrey * for the field to-morrow.'

COMPARATIVE HONESTY

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore, when he was robbed by the soldiers. 'Yes, sir,' replied the poor fellow.' 'Then,' my friend,' rejoined the captain, 'I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt.'

A DIFFERENT LINE.

A gentleman returned from India, inquiring of a person respecting their common acquaintance, who had been *hanged* after he had left England, was told he was dead. 'And did he continue in the *grocery line* ?' said the former. 'Oh, no,' replied the other, 'he was quite in a *different line* when he died.'

ON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle-rod, made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

* Now Duke of Norfolk.

KEEN SATIRE.

A facetious Abbé, having engaged a box at the Opera-house, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a Dareschal, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike-behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The Abbé, for his unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect: ''Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so nobly in the East Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorci, that I complain; it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Mareschal ——, who *took* my box at the opera-house, and never *took* any thing else.' This most poignant stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court that he had already inflicted punishment sufficient, that they refused to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbé's wit.

THE MUSHROOM.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. 'Aye,' said he, 'how so, pray?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin;—*About this time the world was created.*'

PROGRESS OF A MODERN TRADESMAN.

Take a shop and stock it well with haberdashery, butter, and cheese, or tobacco, chiefly purchased with bills of your own, or others as good. About a month after you have opened a shop, keep a horse, and dine out every Sunday at Highgate, Dulwich, or Shooter's-hill. In a little time clap a whisky to the horse; presently afterward get another horse, and buy yourself a phæton, and then have a footman to ride after you As soon as you can do this, take a country-house at Mary-bone, Mile-end, or Deptford-road. You must then have a coach or a chariot to carry you out of town on the Friday afternoon, and bring

you back again on Tuesday morning. All this may be done in the course of a twelvemonth, when a commission of bankruptcy comes, like an *extinguisher*, and puts an *end* to the whole.

WHICH IS THE WAY TO WINDSOR.

Two bucks riding on the western road on a Sunday morning, met a lad driving a flock of sheep towards the metropolis; when one of them accosted him with, 'Prithee, Jack, which is the way to Windsor?'—'How did you know my name was Jack?' said the boy, staring in their faces. 'We are conjurors, young hobnail,' said the gemmen laughing. 'Oh! you be! then you don't want I to shew you the way to Windsor,' replied the lad, pursuing his journey.

UGLY FOOT.

Mons. Scyrron, who was lame by both his foot being turned inwards, to conceal his deformity used to wear a long gown. Being once in company, by chance he disclosed one of his feet; and observing a lady, who saw it, winking to the rest of the company that they might take notice of it, 'Ladies,' exclaimed the philosopher, 'you have great reason to laugh at this stump of a foot of mine: but I lay you a wager that there is a much more deformed foot than this in the present company.' A murmur arose on this speech through the whole circle; each man and woman looked at one another's feet, 'It is concealed,' said the gentleman; but to prove the assertion true, I will make the discovery.' On saying which, he drew his gown aside, and displayed his other foot.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

'To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a blind man's walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars, inquire at No. 40, Chiswell-street.'

SUETT.

A gentleman who had neither voice nor skill, once attempting to sing in company, when he had come to a conclusion, Suett said, 'By G--d, sir, your song is like the small-pox.' 'How is that?' said the company, 'explain, explain.' 'Why a d--d good thing when it is over.'

THE YORKSHIRE CALF.

A facetious farmer of Yorkshire, who had a mind to be witty at the expence of decorum, lately received a rebuff, which was taken with as much good humour as it was given. A lady had been walking with him over her farm, and shewing him her sheep and other stock; on their return, just as they were entering the house, the lady exclaimed, 'Dear me, you have not seen my *calf*, sir.' 'No, ma'am,' said the farmer, 'I never saw higher than your *ancle*.' The lady, of course, felt herself rather confused at this unexpected sally; but soon recollecting herself, observed, 'that she should never see a *calf* again without thinking of *him*.'

A SMART RETORT.

When the Princess Charlotte of Wales was at dinner with her governess, a few days ago, at the Queen's Lodge in Windsor, a fine loin of veal, with a kidney in it, was brought upon the table. 'I should like to eat some of that kidney,' said the princess. 'That I cannot grant,' replied the governess, 'for if I do it will prevent your growing.' The little princess was silent for a moment, and then beckoned to one of the attendants, and said, 'What a deal of kidney your wife must have eaten when she was young.' It is scarcely necessary to add, that the person alluded to is of a very diminutive stature.

STOCK JOBBERS.

A carpenter in Dorsetshire was lately employed to make *a pair of stocks* for the parish, for which he charged a good round sum. One of the parochial officers said, 'You have made a good deal by that job!' 'Yes,' said Master *Chip*, 'we *stock* jobbers always attend to our own *interest*.'

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care,
For Phyllis, the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
But when he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep:
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set;
And that he could die
Whenver he would,
While that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

THREAT EFFECTED.

An eminent painter, who had suffered under the common malady of his profession, viz. to paint portraits of persons who neither paid for them, or took them away, had pourtrayed a gentleman of a very dark complexion. This person, though satisfied with the painter's similitude

delayed to pay for it till the artist sent him word, that he was in treaty for the picture with the landlord at the Blackamore's Head.

A FACETIOUS LANDLADY.

A captain, chatting with his hostess, in an amorous humour was resolved to give her a hint of his wishes. He placed a guinea upon one of his eyes, and with the other performed most significant ogles. The landlady, not unused to such sparks, soon guessed his meaning, and replied, 'Captain, you have forgotten your learning: you know Love was blind in *both* eyes.'

REAL MODESTY.

A young lady, with her eldest sister, was in company where stories of gallantry were told with very minute details. The eldest girl took her sister aside, and said, 'Are you able to hear such stories with so much attention, and not blush?' 'Indeed, sister,' said the younger vestal, somewhat archly, 'indeed, I see nothing to blush at; but you may understand the stories better than I, perhaps.'

THE LAST FOLLY.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. 'Now my lord,' said the countess, 'I hope you'll mend' 'Madam,' says he, 'you may depend on it, this is my last folly.'

TRIAL BY PEERS.

A certain sea captain, who had considerable interest with his brother officers, and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy, of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said, 'Cheer up man, why should you be cast down! I fear nothing, and why should you?' 'Why faith, your honour,' replied the fellow, 'I should be as courageous as you are, if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks.'

EPIGRAM.

Full oft does Mat with Topaz dine,
Eats baked meats, and drinks Greek wine;
But Topaz his own work rehearseth,
And Mat must praise what Topaz verseth;
Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

FRET-WORK.

A gentleman who had long danced attendance after the ministry in hopes of preferment, being one day as usual at the premier's levee, and happening to cast his eyes up to the ceiling, observed to his fellow-solicitors, how properly that room was decorated. The gentlemen present, said, 'they could see no great ornament about it.' 'I did not say there was,' replied he, 'but I admire the propriety of what there is; for both top and bottom is full of *fret-work*.'

THE MISER.

Avaro grieves when the bright sun,
Thro' the blue sky his course has run;
Avaro grieves not that the night
Closes the beauteous orb of light:
Or, that fair nature's charms are hid
Under night's cloudy coverlid:
He grieves not that he's thus benighted;
But, that his candle must be lighted.

SUBTLE ANSWER.

An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly asked him, 'You, sir, who foretel every thing, pray when shall you die?' The astrologer coolly replied, 'I shall die, sire, three days before your majesty.' This reply so alarmed the king, that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces, and particular care to be taken of him.

A PUN.

On finding a pair of Shoes on a Lady's Bed.

Well may suspicion shake his head!
Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous!
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes, because they're *fellows.*

REPARTEE OF DANTE.

This charming poet lived very poor and an exile, at Verona, on a small pension from prince Scaliger. At the same court was a buffoon, who lived most magnificently. 'How happens it,' says the latter to Dante, one day, 'that with all your genius you remain so poor, whilst such a blockhead and a fool as I am, abound in all things?' 'I should be rich too,' said the indignant poet, 'had I your luck to find a prince with a character so like my own.'

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

We lived one-and-twenty years
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here;
She's gone I know not whither.

Her body is bestowed well,
A decent grave doth hide her:
I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
For the de'il could not abide her.

I rather think she's up alost,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds asunder.

FRIENDLY WARMTH.

Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion, Mr. Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this, Mr. Stanyan behaved

with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been strenuous to oppose his opinion; but even upon this occasion, he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, 'either contradict me, or pay me the money.'

EPIGRAM.—TO BONAPARTE.

Who calls thee vicious, is a blund'ring elf:
Thou'rt not a *vicious man*, but *Vice itself*.

BOMBAZEEN.

As Jack, above a draper's shop,
Saw written 'Bombazeen,'
'Here, Bet,' says he, 'I pray thee stop,
'And tell what that may mean.'

'It means fair lady's dress,' she cried,
'Who now go naked nearly,
'For 'tis so thin, and, drawn aside,
''Tis *Bum-be-seen* most clearly.'

'That's true, dear Bet, it is no less,'
(Said Jack, the simple-hearted,)
'And *Bum-be-seen's* the *mourning dress*
'For modesty—departed.'

EPITAPH UPON AN AUCTIONEER.

Here lies the remnant of old puff,
A wight of more than modern stuff;
Who Samson like, true heart of oak,
Could *knock down houses* at a stroke—
But Death at last, in jeering scoff,
With his fell hammer struck him off.

THE PAPIST NON-PLUSSED.

Father Petre endeavoured to convert the Duke of Buckingham. 'Out of our church,' says the priest, 'none can be saved.' 'And all in it will be damned,' said his grace. 'You want charity,' says the priest, 'Quite as much as your reverence,' replied the Duke.

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

'This asthma soon will take the life
Of my dear husband,' cried the wife,
  Look Niobe in tears;
'Weep not,' the doctor cried, 'this ill
Is very seldom known to kill,
  Though it will last some years.
The only remedy is—death.'
The matron scarce could keep her breath,
  It went and came so quick.
'Good doctor, are there then no grains
To shorten my poor husband's pains?
  I would not have him sick!'

TAXES.

A ministerial punster observed, on the subject of taxes, that people were never satisfied. 'For instance,' says the facetious observer, 'when the income-tax came forth, all complained that it was very heavy. That might be; but the same complaint was made of the window-tax, which every one must acknowledge was a *light* one, and advantageous to large houses, as it removed from them many great pains, (panes).'

BON-MOT OF LORD DORSET.

The Earl coming to court one queen Elizabeth's birthday, Charles II. asked him, 'what the bells rung for?' Being told, the king asked, 'why her memory was so thought of, when his father and grandfather were quite forgotten.' 'Because,' said the earl, frankly, 'Elizabeth, being a woman, chose men for her counsellors; and men, when they reign, usually chuse women.'

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Before Will gain'd and lost his cash,
He was a merry fellow;
In the morning he wrote epigrams,
And songs when he was mellow.
To raise the pity of the rich,
To whom he doffs his bonnet,
Will now in elegy repines,
And blubbers in a sonnet.
Thus a blind fiddler, in the morn,
When sorrowful and sober,
Plays tunes most opposite to those
Of his afternoon's *October*.

THE WIG.

A person had so irritated another by his impudent language, that he pulled off his wig, and beat his head and ears with it. 'You would not,' says the vanquished hero, 'have done this three days ago.' 'Why not?' replied his antagonist: 'Because then I wore my own head of hair.'

TIT FOR TAT.

Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast. 'The king of France.' 'What! our foe?' said the colonel. 'You live by him,' said the chaplain. The colonel, in his turn, gave 'the Devil.' 'Do you mean to affront me?' exclaimed the chaplain. 'You live by him.' said the colonel, very coolly, 'do you not, my good doctor?'

ANTONY HENLEY.

Henley having spent a good deal of money in procuring the good will of the mayor and burgesses of ——, treated them very haughtily, on all occasions. Being solicited, by the borough, to espouse their sentiments, in some pressing instance, he wrote laconically to them:

'Ye rascals, I bought, and so I'll sell you.'

BON-MOT OF OLYMPIAS.

When Alexander boasted of being a son of Jupiter, his mother Olympias wrote to him a letter in very grave terms exhorting him, for the future, to lay by such high claims of birth, and not to excite a jealousy between Juno and her.

BON-MOT.

A person was joked by his friends, because that, at an advanced age, he married a young woman. The old beau replied, 'That he would rather have his heart pierced by a new and shining blade, than by a rusty nail.'

A REPARTEE.

A lady who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman, for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, 'I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere.' 'Very likely,' replied the gentleman, 'you may, ma'am, as I have often been there.'

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius, for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; 'What a good saint is our Ignatius! exclaimed the consolable widow, 'he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!'

THE BULLY.

A man, by very insolent language, provoked another to strike him. 'Are you in earnest?' said the receiver of the blow. 'Certainly I am,' he replied. 'I am glad of it,' said the bully, very coolly, 'for I do not like such jests.'

DINNER-TIME.

A person asked a Grecian philosopher, what he thought was the proper time to dine. 'Sir,' says the antient. 'the proper time of dinner, with the opulent, is when they chuse; with the poor man, when he can.'

A MODERN CUPID.

Say, what did Antiquity purpose to show,
By giving young Cupid his arrows and bow?
Go ask the next amorous sparrow or dove,
If pierc'd to the heart, they should feel any love.
In these days young Cupid is grown somewhat wiser;
No archer is he, but a curmudgeon miser;
His quiver a *settlement* roll'd up so tight;
His arrows the quills with which notories write;
His bandage is off—he sees very clear
How much love is mix'd with a thousand a-year;
He inspects every rent-roll—examines the coffers,
And then tells the lover 'tis time to make offers.

GASSENDI

Lost his temper in company with a babbler. This simpleton was endeavouring to explain the doctrine of transmigration, and committed several enormous blunders. 'Pythagoras,' observed Gassendi, warmed and irritated, 'says that the souls of men pass into the bodies of brutes; but, till this hour, I did not know the converse of this proposition was true.'

THE UNSEASONABLE WISH.

When Damon was with Celia playing,
In a snug room, and near a bed;
When both were fooling, and were saying
Just what came in each other's head;
Damon unwittingly exclaimed,
'I wish in some large pathless wood
We now were plac'd,—a thing not nam'd,
And then my lovely Celia would—'
'What!' cried the lass, in a high note,
Between a groaning and a hissing;
'Does the man mean to cut my throat?
Is not here room enough to kiss in?'

HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Prince of Wales, speaking of Lord Melville's (then Mr. Dundas) last marriage, Mrs. Fitzherbert observed, that

she wondered that gentleman held so many offices, as she imagined it would be enough for him to do the *duty* of the *home department.*

THE PROVIDENT FAIR ONE.

Helen was just stept into bed,
  Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
  As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune careless Jane,
  Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
And madam, getting up again,
  With her own hands the mouse-trap baited.
On little things, as sages write,
  Depend our human joy and sorrow;
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
  Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

FRIENDLY STRATAGEM.

General Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him tnat he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogues, whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee-room, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. 'Sir,' replied Col. Guise, 'I have done my duty by you and no more.' 'But colonel,' added the young officer faltering, 'I am told that that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody—' 'Oh, sir,' interrupted the colonel, 'your friends do me too much

honour; but there is a gentleman (pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half the regiment.' So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and that for that reason he must fight him. 'Who, I sir?' replied the gentleman, 'Why, I am *the apothecary.*'

UNGALLANT ACTION.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady a pause of some minutes ensued; he seemed still more uneasy, 'Oh the timidity of some!' thought the lady—when lo! Sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. Now the palpitations began; he will kiss it no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury and drew the captive hand near his head; already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore-finger what he much wanted—*a tobacco-stopper!*

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred at the theatre at Market Drayton, Shropshire. The company were performing Pizarro, when, during the hymn to the sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparency scene of that luminary, it unfortunately took fire. The manager, who officiating as high priest, just after singing the words 'O, power supreme,' observed the mishap, and in the utmost consternation, called out to the stage-keeper, 'The *sun's on fire,*' then proceeding with the hymn, 'O, power supreme! *D—n your eyes, put out the sun, I say.*' The sun, however, continued to blaze, notwithstanding, their fears were convulsed with laughter; the fire in the sun being, however, extinguished, the play proceeded.

SPECIMENS OF FAMILIAR HISTORY INTENDED FOR A NEWSPAPER.

'By our last advices from Knightsbridge, we hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the 3d instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

'We are informed from Pancras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

'Letters from Brompton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

'By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for church-warden; but this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

'They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroach at Parson Green's; but this wanted confirmation.'

These specimens, it is evident, though very ingenious, are not quite so minute in point of information as the curiosity of the present day requires; and therefore, in what follows, we venture upon a more close imitation of modern newspapers, especially in what they call Bon Ton, or Fashionable Intelligence.

'Yesterday, as his majesty was coming to town, the hat of one of the postillions was blown off, at which three of the horse-guards laughed most immoderately.

'It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simeon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerously ill of the gout, at his country seat, near Gray's-Inn Lane.

'A battle was fought yesterday in Five-farthing Fields, between a chimney-sweeper, and an old clothes-man of some distinction, which terminated in favour of the latter. There were several amateurs of the first rank present, as Lord ——, Colonel ——, the Hon. Mr. ——.

'Friday last, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of considerable property, was riding along the High-Street, Islington, his horse had the misfortune to lose one of his shoes.

'The accomplished Miss Amelia Wilhelmina Boggis, of Clerkenwell Close, set off yesterday for Brighton. The sea air has been recommended, which for some weeks has been very sensibly felt on that coast.

'Yesterday, as Mr. George Conundrum, of Moorgate, was conversing with some friends in his usual way, he fell into a grievous mistake, and was extricated with great difficulty.

'Wednesday evening the following melancholy accident happened. As Mr. Thomas Belch of Gun-dock, was returning home from the tavern, he was suddenly attacked by two bowls of arrack punch, which deprived him of his senses and recollection. He left a business and two apprentices to regret his loss.

'Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the use of his horse while he remains at Margate.

'Advices from Limehouse mention that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the post came away.

'The overseer of St. Bartholomew's parish came to town last night. He immediately went to the Cat and Fiddle, and was waited upon by the landlord. We hope to be able to lay before our readers, in a few days, the real object of his journey to Isleworth.

'An intelligent correspondent informs us, that the clerk of St. John's has given orders for a new bible and prayer-book for the church, but in rough calf, and not in Morocco, as asserted in an evening paper.

'Mr. Simpkins is about to repair his house in Lant-Street. The nightmen were there on Friday and Satur-

Mrs. Dingley and family are at Ramsgate; they return by the hoy. There is an evident design in keeping the public ignorant of the cause of this extraordinary measure.

'Mr. Sapscull and Mr. Henry Blink are stewards for the next anniversary of the Odd Fellows.

'The hospitality and condescension of Mrs. Truby and her beautiful daughters, are much talked of in Bermondsey-street.

'Captain Stout, late of the Train Bands, has taken a snug box next the turnpike, Islington. It is that with the brown door, opposite the public-house.

'Mr. Grantley is come to his new house in Rosamond's-Row. He has sold his share in the shop at Norton Falgate, which occasioned a good deal of speculation.

'George Wigley, Esq. we are sorry to find, leaves the snuff-shop in Barbican, the air not agreeing with his health.

'Bartholomew-fair yesterday boasted of much fashion; Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Boggle, the widow Brady, and her daughters, the two Miss Jones, with a long &c. of fashionable names.'

PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

At the end of queen Mary's bloody reign, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigotted papist, to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery persecution against the protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the doctor was waited upon by the mayor, to whom he shewed his commission, with great triumph, saying, 'Here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland.' Mrs. Edmunds, the landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival, he waited upon the lord-lieutenant and privy council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his lordship; but on opening it, there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost.* The doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The lord-lieutenant answered, 'Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the mean while.'—Before the doctor could get his commission renewed the queen died, and thus the persecution was prevented.

THE PORTRAIT.

When a certain poet's works were to be printed, a very ugly woman desired the editor, in a preface, to contradict the report of her being mistress to the late bard. 'Madam,' replied the editor, 'I will prefix your face.'

ON GENUINE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

THE DRENCHER.

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drugs, of which *he knew little*, into a body of which *he knew less.*

PARLIAMENTARY PATIENCE.

A gentleman some years since being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his breeches, saying, 'I never was in so dirty a house in my life.'

BON-MOT GALLANT.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliment, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, 'They were in mourning for the murders they had committed.'

THE HUMOUROUS BUM-BRUSHER.

As a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one day to his school-room, he was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, 'and I am master of this parish.' 'Master of this parish!' observed the peer, 'how can that be?' 'I am master of the children of the parish,' said the man; 'the *children* are masters of their *mothers*; the *mothers* are the rulers of the *fathers*, and consequently I am *master* of the whole parish.'

AN ORDER.

When the late illustrious Chevalier Taylor was enumerating the honours he had received from the different princes of Europe, and orders with which he had been dignified by innumerable sovereigns, a gentleman present remarked that he had not named the king of Prussia, and added, 'I suppose, sir, he never gave you any order.'—'You are mistaken, sir,' replied the chevalier, 'he gave me a very *peremptory order* to quit his dominions.'

HOW TO PREVENT A HORSE FROM FALLING.

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had got many yards, he found he possessed the usual excellencies of the four-footed hirelings of the roads, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however, (having being unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, 'shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head.'

FRIENDSHIP.

When the late king of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honoured Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarce any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, and boasted much of his great intimacy with the king, and added, that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England; 'Good God,' exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, 'how reports will lie! I heard no later than this day, that you never met but a great deal of *bad language* passed between you.'

REASON FOR GOING TO CHURCH.

Of an old citizen it was observed, that he was the most regular man in London in his attendance at church, and

no man in the kingdom was more punctual in his prayers. 'He has a very good reason for it,' replied John Wilkes, 'for as he never gave a shilling, did a kindness, or conferred a favour on any man living, no one would pray for him.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 8, 1797.

Wanted for a wine-merchant's house in the city, as a porter, an athletic man, of a serious countenance, a good character, and the lady Huntingdon persuasion; must attend prayers twice a day, and divine service four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement; have the fear of God before his eyes, and be able to carry two hundred weight. Wages fourteen shillings a week and find himself.

N. B. A Yorkshireman will not be objected to, but no Irishman will be accepted.—Apply to-morrow at one o'clock, to T. D. at No. ---, Philpot-lane.

A MOTTO.

Davenport, a taylor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto, 'There is one from Hamlet,' said the wit, 'that will match you to a button-hole; 'List, list! oh list!'

GEOGRAPHY.

Foote, who had a sovereign contempt for his wife, said to Murphy, 'You may learn geography from her face; on one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black Forest, here the Red Sea, and here, (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the Rocks of Scilly.'

A FRENCH BEAU.

Turk's pantaloon, a Dutchman's stocking,
The Prussian hat all martial cocking,
Hungarian cravet round the throat,
The Roman wig, an English coat,
With strutting air so fierce and sp---ky,
Compose a Paris beau (or monkey.)

A COMEDIAN'S TOOTH.

Spiller, the player, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent fit of the tooth-ach, the barber of the theatre offered to relieve him by drawing it. 'No, my good friend,' replied he, 'no, I cannot spare one tooth now, but on the tenth day of June, the house closes, and you may then draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat.'

SHALLOW JEHU.

In park to drive, with dashing stroke,
His carriage, till the wheels quite smoke,
Rapid to turn each corner clear,
And make the Sunday folks all stare,
Is young squire Shallow's chief ambition,
His highest pitch of all fruition!

'Jack, while I'm driving with such fire,
Listen to hear the folk's discourses.'
'I do, sir; and they all admire—
Your honour's *carriage*—and the *horses!*'

THE HONEY-MOON.

A clergyman preaching a wedding sermon, chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text. 'And let there be abundance of *peace while the moon endureth.*'

HINT TO A MINISTER.

George II. one day sent for Mr. Pelham, in a rage, to know why the civil list was not paid. The minister said, the money destined for that had been appropriated to another use, then more urgent, The king, with an oath, told Mr. Pelham, that if he did not pay it, he must get another minister who would. 'I will, not,' said his majesty, 'be the only gentleman in the kingdom who does not pay his servants' wages.

THE DEJECTED APOTHECARY.

It happen'd in a healthful year,
(Which made provision very dear,
And physic mighty cheap;)
A doctor, sore oppress'd wich want,
On business turning out so scant,
Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,
And hop'd no dang'rous illness had
To any friend befel.
'O Lord! you quite mistake the case!'
(Quoth Blister,) Sir, this rueful face
Is—'cause my friends are well.'

SCOTCH ECONOMY.

When Foote went first to Scotland, he was enquiring of an old highlander, who had formerly been prompter to the Edinburgh theatre, about the state of the country, with respect to travelling, living, manners, &c. of all which the Scot gave him very favourable accounts. 'Why then,' said Foote, 'with about 300l. a year, one may live like a gentleman in your country.' 'In troth, master Foote,' replied his informant, 'I cannot tell that, for as I never knew a man there who spent half that sum, I don't know what may come into his head, who would attempt *to squander the whole.*'

CARD-TABLE EPITAPH.

On a Lady ruined by a frequenter of clubs.

Clarinda reign'd the queen of *hearts*,
Like sparkling *diamonds* were her eyes,
Till through the knave of *club's* false arts,
Here bedded by a *spade* she lies.

DEGENERACY.

A lady railing against the vices of the present times, and asserting that no preceding age was half so profli-

gate, Lady T—— gravely asked her, 'Pray, madam, what do you think of Mrs. Potiphar and the two Misses Lot?'

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Quoth Dick to Tom, 'this act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The mystery how shall we explain;
For sure, as *Drowdeswell* said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.'

Quoth Tom to Dick, 'thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.'

A DIFFERENCE.

Sir Robert Walpole often played billiards with his neighbour Dr. Monsey, who was much his superior at the game. 'How happens it,' said Sir Robert one day, 'that nobody beats me at billiards but you, Doctor?'—'Because,' said Monsey, 'they play for places; I only for a dinner and praise.'

FRIAR PAUL, TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late,
Of the gravel, some say; but no matter for that:
He died, that's enough; and if story say right,
Arrived at hell-gates in a pitiful plight.
'Who's there?' cried the demon on guard; quoth the other,
'A guilty priest, sir, a catholic brother.'
'Halt, instantly,' cry'd the centry; 'stand clear,
Go, be damn'd somewhere else, for you shan't enter here,
We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil;
Who above ate his God, may below eat the Devil.

PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Country Boy.

Measter! measter!——
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak; my measter wrote this fine new play;
The actor folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nothing o'th' matter;
He must be there among you, look about,
A weezen pale-fac'd man, do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to shame;
Call Mister—hold——I must not tell his name.

La! what a crowd is here! what a noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o'top o't'other.
[*Pointing to the roxes of Pit and Gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze:
I ne'er saw church so full, in all my days!
Your servant, sirs; What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o'the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad;
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I:
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:
And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o'th' journey I ha' taen;
I like it not—would I were whoame again.

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o'th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't? he eat a great sea toad!

It came from Indies, 'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch* and *capafee;*
La! how I star'd I thought, who knows, but I,
For want of monsters may be made a pie?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.
I left toad eater; then I serv'd a lord;
And there they promis'd; but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith, but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say;
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays!
Fine folks shew all for nothing, now-a-days

Now I'm the poet's mon; I find with wits
There's nothing sartain; nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender, what of that?
There are but three on's, measter, I, and cat;
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geese!
'Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

The following is related of the King of Prussia, with undoubted veracity:

A clergyman of Neuf Chatel chapel preached against eternal d——n. His parishioners were so disgusted with him that they would not afterwards suffer him to enter the church door, nay, they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the priest, that he might resume his function. The parson now resumed his subject. He would not allow of eternal d——n

by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in resuming a subject so obnoxious to his hearers, and said, 'Since my subjects of Neuf Chatel are so fond of everlasting d——n, they have my free leave to be d——d to all eternity.'

STERNE.

The whimsical and immortal author of Tristram Shandy was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning; his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, also desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expeced, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following:—'*We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish.*' The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her finger ends every step of the way to her house.

DR. COLDSMITH.

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged

his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'-œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy told him his fortune was made! 'How so, Jack?' says the doctor. 'Why,' says Jack, 'the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get a pair for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature.' After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that 'if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would pay him with gratitude.' The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor very generously sent him.

BOB LLOYD.

The late ingenious and unfortunate Bob Lloyd, some time before his commitment to the Fleet Prison, formed a design of compiling a dictionary for the use of schools, superior to any extant. Flushed with this idea, he waited on a bookseller, to whom he communicated his intention. The bookseller had no hopes of Lloyd's success, till he told him he would engage to get his father's approbation of the work, who was second master of Westminster school, and which would secure an extensive sale throughout England.

The bookseller, on this information, began to count the imaginary hundreds, and instantly engaged him for six guineas a sheet. Lloyd wrote a letter next day to the bookseller, and desired thirty pounds, as he could not stir out of his lodging till he had compounded with one of his creditors, who had some sharks on the look-out for him; at the same time he told him he waited for a certain number of books to prosecute the work, which he desired might be sent him as soon as possible. The unsuspecting bookseller complied with his request. The books amounted to twenty pounds, which Lloyd no sooner received than he deposited them with a pawnbroker for ten guineas; and then set out with a woman of the town. But as a spendthrift's cup of happiness is soon dashed with gall, our poor poet found himself stripped of the cash in a few days, and returned pennyless to town with his economical companion. The bookseller waited a considerable time for the fruits of Mr. Lloyd's genius and intense application; but he might as well have waited for the resurrection of Shakespeare, or the tenth volume of Tristram Shandy by Dr. Priestley.

MRS. CIBBER.

That excellent companion the old Earl Bathurst, used to relate the following anecdote:

When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the Oratorio of the Messiah. A certain bishop was so struck with the sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, 'Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!'

MONKS.

Sauteuil was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the monks. A native of Provence complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a monk. 'What, Sir,' says Sauteuil, who was present, 'a man of your years not to know the monks! There are four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides.'

LORD O——.

The present Lord O—— being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—'One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny, but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch.'

AN ELEGY.

On the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With mauner wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.
At church in silks and sattins new,
With hoops of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
Her doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

CALEDONIAN COURTSHIP.

The following incident which occurred in a Caledonian courtship, exhibiting the true *ridiculum sublime*, is as veritable as laughable:—A son of medicine, (a doctor Shaw) in vital date climacterically verging, having purse as well as person in perspective, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch baronet: the lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit for the reception of that entertainment grey-headed folly renders in attempting the characteristics of juvenility. The doctor one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in his habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripatetics; when he appeared, it was in the style equestrian; and his steed, in lack of flesh, and shew of ossification, paced in singularity: on this automaton of bones, he was carried to the house of the lady in question; and forward he set for the interview. The doctor was never remarked for a frequent mutation in linen, he had a particular attachment for a shirt when once it met in contact with his skin, and before they were separated, the natural blanche of the one was somewhat improved by its intimacy with the other; on such an important event as the present, he was guilty of deviation, and resolving to be profuse, he took an immaculate shirt, and put it, not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding its honours might be tarnished, and its appearance not so white; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should arrive at a small distance from the scene of his wishes. Arrived at this settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe his upper garments, still sitting on his horse; his hat, his wig, his coat, and his waistcoat were taken off, and laid on the pummel of the saddle; his hands were employed in stripping his saffron-hued skin case over his head: in this critical moment malignant fate reigning, his faithful Pegasus received affright from somewhat in the road, set off with the doctor in demi-nudity, and ran with him in *statu quo* (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination,) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter with every minutiæ of dress adjusted. His Quixotte-like appearance threw the family

into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operations of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed doctor: the lady in the doctor's disgrace received the extremest entertainment, and though she liked human nature in its primitive state, gave the doctor to understand his period in it was not her choice.

LIST OF TAXES.

A tax on all schemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually, at least, 900,000l.

A tax on all attornies, who were not able to prove, that, in the course of a year's practice, one eighth of their income was got honestly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on liars, which, on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a sum, not less than sufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian opera, who did not understand the language; on every person who attended a concert, without a knowledge of music; and on all persons sleeping at church; might produce in one year 500,000l.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favours that they never received. This, on an average, might be computed a tax on 9999 men out of ten thousand who had attained the age of twenty-one years; and would produce, at a moderate interest, *per capitum*, an annual revenue of 800,000l.

A tax on white neck, red cheek, and lily hands, with a draw-back on proving where the pencil of nature was the only artist, to be collected at the play-houses, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kensington, and other places of public diversion, exclusive of demi-reps, who paint in the way of trade, would produce, in the female world, fifty out of every sixty, and among the men, four out of every twenty, liable to impost. I reckon this at 400,000.

A tax on all slander and back-biting; one methodist to be considered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in the kingdom as subject to the duty.

A tax on all gentlemen coachmen, which, considering the immense increase of great coats with eight capes, would produce, at least, 50,000l. per annum.

A tax on all young gentlemen, who had got an university education, and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace, or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This on computation might produce 20,000l. yearly.

A tax on all gentlemen and ladies, indiscriminately, who could not tell, on being asked, in what part of holy writ the Revelations, and the first chapter of Genesis are. This, in the west end of London, would produce something worth the collection.

A tax on every citizen of London who eats more than two pounds of solid meat in twenty-four hours. This tax, as it would prevent apoplexies, and add considerably to the revenue, I thought a very salutary one. But you observing that the aldermen would make up the deficiency, in order to evade the tax, by eating pies, puddings, turtle soups, jellies, &c. I took that article back to re-consider, and have since totally forgot to look into it.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious head-achs, false alarms of pregnancy, and other incidental non-entities in women of fashion, might render six in ten throughout the higher and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

A tax on healthy and sound constitutions among men of fashion. I pointed this duty particularly on the first rank, because with them it is considered a luxury. I dropped it, however, as you may recollect, because, on consideration, it would not pay the fees of collecting.

A tax on all barristers, who, in each half-hour's pleading said, *my lud* and *your ludship* more than fifteen hundred times. You observed this would injure the client, as *my lud* and *your ludship* were interjections in law to fill up the vacuity of an advocate's imagination, when he was at a loss for words to convey the meaning of his argument. I therefore dropped the idea, as I thought every client sufficiently delayed, injured, oppressed, and taxed already.

A tax on all footmen under the age of fifty, and above the height of four feet eleven inches. This I did, that the army might be recruited with genteel good-looking vagabonds, who, from a state of liveried idleness, may be called into regimental activity.

A tax on all coffee-house beaux, who call for the Amsterdam Gazette, and the Courier de l'Europe, without being

able to understand the meaning of one line in either. This is a tax on vanity, but it will not bring in much.

A tax on real old English hospitality in the houses of great men, as the only means, by making it expensive, to make it fashionable. This will take some time before it will come to perfection; the very idea of domestic conviviality being now so vulgar, as to be turned out of almost every gentleman's house in Great Britain. You smiled at this idea, shook your head, and said, you feared when the trick was found out, the tax would cease. I think so too, and therefore leave those fashionable people to their new-adopted luxury of smiling without a cause of risibility, of ostentatious parade without inward comfort, and of the appearance of happiness without one particle of real felicity.

Your old friend,

And most obedient humble servant,

SCACABACK SCREECHKINKERTON.

TO A LADY WHO LOVED DANCING.

May I presume, in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance.
That human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance is evident and common;
David himself, that godlike king,
We know could dance as well as sing:
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Must dance the year attendance round;
Whole nations dance; gay, frisking France
Has led the nation many a dance;
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.
All nature is one ball we find;
The water dances to the wind;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and capers to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheshire round in buxom red;

The earth and planets round the sun
Dance; nor will their dance be done,
Till nature in one mass is blended;
Then we may say—*the ball is ended.*

CHURCHILL.

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, which is undoubtedly his finest poem, the sale was rather dull. Meeting his publisher in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold? Mr. K. informed him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers damned it. 'Aye,' says the poet, 'that is fulfilling, the scripture,' 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, I have ordained strength.'

ZEAL.

One of the King's soldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out, 'D—n you, you b—h, never fear—I'll stand by you to the last.'

FITZGERALD.

When the celebrated duellist, G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. 'Then, I think,' says the king, with a smile, 'this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history of *Jack the Giant Killer.*'

EPITAPH.

Here *cool* the *ashes* of MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this parish, *blacksmith,*
He was born in *Seacoal*-lane, and bred
at *Hammersmith.*

From his youth upwards he was much addicted
to *vices*, and was often guilty of
forgery.
Having some talents for *irony*,
He therefore produced many *heats* in his
neighbourhood,
Which he usually increased by *blowing up*
the coals.
This rendered him so unpopular,
That when he found it necessary to adopt
cooling measures,
His conduct was generally accompanied
with a *hiss*.
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
Yet, where his interest was concerned,
He made it a constant rule to *strike while the*
iron was hot,
Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:
And when he had
Any matter of moment upon the *anvil*,
He seldom fail'd to turn it to his own
advantage.
Among the numberless instances that might
be given of the cruelty of his
disposition, it need only
be mentoned,
That he was the means of *hanging* many of
the innocent family of the *Bells*,
Under the idle pretence of keeping them
from *jangling*;
And put great numbers of the *hearts of steel*
into the *hottest flames*,
Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the
obduracy of their *tempers*.
At length, after passing a long life in the
commission of these *black actions*
His *fire* being exhausted, and his
Bellows worn out,
He *filed* off to that place where only the *fervid*
ordeal of his own *forge* can be exceeded;
Declaring with his last *puff*,
That 'man is born to trouble as the *sparks*
fly upwards.'

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine insisted upon was so very exorbitant as to ruffle his lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his lordship with the dean and chapter's compliments. Having signed them, 'Well,' says the earl, 'they sent their compliments to me, did they? then return my compliments to them, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of business I would sooner deal with the Jewish synagogue.'

ANECDOTE OF SHUTER.

Shuter being engaged for a few nights, in a principal city in the north of England, it happened that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side of Finchley-common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep, but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man, 'Money!' returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, 'Lord, sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour.' Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey.

QUIN.

Quin wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, slightly in the hand, in a riot at the stage-door of Covent-Garden Theatre. The spark, presently after, came into

one of the green boxes, over the stage door. The play was Macbeth; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, 'and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood!' the young fellow hawls out, 'Aye, reeking indeed! what does your conscience prick you? you rascal, that's my blood you drew just now.' The actor, giving him a severe side-glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, 'Damn *your* blood, I say!' and then, without hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

SURGICAL BON-MOT.

It is well known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons, question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration what he would prescribe. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed but the unmerciful question thus continued: 'Pray, sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?' 'Why, sir,' enjoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapius, 'I would send him here to be examined; and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would.'

SIR THOMAS MORE.

When Sir Thomas More was ambassador from Henry the Eighth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third; he then insisted on a fourth, but being over persuaded by his servant, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, 'You rogue,' said he to his man, 'what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world: 'Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world.'

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

A country cousin of the late celebrated satirist, Mr. Churchill, coming to town in the summer time, he took her to Westminster-abbey, to shew her the tombs, and from thence to both houses of parliament; and when they were in the House of Commons, he said to her, 'This is St. Stephen's chapel.' 'Lard, cousin,' said she, 'it is not like a chapel.' 'Not much,' replied Churchill, 'but it is very like the temple of Jerusalem in our Saviour's time.' 'Aye,' said she, 'was the temple built in this manner?' 'No,' replied he, 'the similitude is not in the building but in the service performed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews' temple, is not so much a house of prayer, as a place of marketting, jobbing, cheating, buying, selling, and money-changing.' 'Lard bless me,' said she, 'what! do they buy and sell in it?' 'Yes,' said he, 'they buy places and pensions, and sell their consciences and their country.'

CHATTERTON.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good-nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks, 'God bless me!' says the old gentleman, 'you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton. 'Yes, sir,' says the bard, 'this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by heaven they are not the tears of veneration.'

COMPLIMENT.

An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day at a private house, asked him

the reason she had not seen him so long; 'Is it because you owe me something?' 'No, madam,' replied the poet, 'that is not what prevents my visiting; and you are the cause that you are not paid' 'How so?' said the lady. 'Because,' said he, 'whenever I see you, I forget every thing.'

CONFESSION.

Sauteuil having a confessional dress on, to say vespers, a lady, who took him for a confessor, threw herself upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself, and the penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession. She then asked him for absolution. 'What, do you take me for a priest?' said Sauteuil. 'Why then,' said the lady quite alarmed, 'did you listen to me?' 'And why,' replied Sauteuil, 'did you speak to me?' 'I'll this instant complain of you to your prior,' said the enraged female. 'And I,' said the poet, 'am going to your husband, to give him a full account of your conduct.'

CUNNINGHAM.

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerely reproached him for breaking the sabbath, telling him that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, 'Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you.'

A METAPHOR.

When a woman is married, the law language says, 'she is *clothed with a husband*.' The metaphor, in all probability, is taken from a cloak.

CURIOUS PROHIBITION.

A favourite of a king had a custom of plucking hair from his beard. The king forbid him to do this, under a severe penalty. Some time after, this man did the king an excellent service. 'What shall I give you?' said the king. 'A power over my own beard,' replied the sage.

YOU ARE A JEW.

'You are a Jew,' said one man to another; 'when I bought this pig of you, it was to be a guinea, and now you demand five-and-twenty shillings, which is more than you asked.' 'For that very reason,' replied the other, 'I am no Jew, for a Jew always takes less than he asks.'

PETRARCH.

It is said, that the Pope advised Petrarch to marry Laura; but, that the poet refused, because he feared that the familiarity of marriage would extinguish his passion. A blunt person, on reading this anecdote, observed, 'there is a fool, who wont eat his dinner lest he should spoil his appetite.'

QUESTION ANSWERED.

An attorney, in Dean Swift's company, gave himself great liberties of conversation with him. At length, this impudent limb of the law asked the dean, 'supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the devil should litigate a cause, which party do you think would gain it?' 'The devil, no doubt,' replied the dean, 'as he would have all the lawyers on his side.'

A HINT TO MANY PERSONS.

Boileau was very exact as to his time of keeping his engagements at dinner, &c. with this satiric and true observation, that the quarter of an hour which a person makes a company wait for him at dinner, is employed in finding out his faults, or inventing them.

EPIGRAM.

What epithets, exclaims a clown,
To womankind belong!
Some are called women of the *town*,
Some ladies of the *ton*.

The diff'rence it is hard to trace,
Though diff'rence still there's some;
The wh— — boldly one displays,
The other plays it mum.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

A gentleman said to another in company, 'if all drunk like you, wine would be very cheap.' 'Nay,' replied the other, 'it would be very dear, for I drank as much as I chuse.'

STERLING HUMANITY.

Louis XIV. was once haranged by a very indifferent orator, to whom his majesty paid a handsome compliment. A lady who was present appeared surprised at the civil things that Louis said to him, 'I think indeed, madam, as you do of the speaker,' said the monarch, 'but if a civil word or two render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him.'

DULL COMPANY.

Some one said to Sir Charles Hanbury William, who had been minister at several courts, what a happy man he must have been to have conversed with so many crowned heads. 'Faith,' replied he, 'I never could find that out; they were the dullest company I ever kept.'

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